

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1879.

THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE AMERICAN CHURCHES.¹

As elsewhere I have spoken of the historical aspect of the United States, so here I propose, in the same manner and with the same reservations, to speak of the historical aspect of the American Churches; and as then I ventured at times to point the moral to the peculiar audience of Birmingham, so here I may be allowed to make analogous applications to my clerical audience in Sion College.

I. Before I enter on any details let me offer some general remarks.

(1.) It will be observed that I speak, not of "the American Church," but of "the American Churches." It is the custom with many English Churchmen to speak of "the American Church" as if there were but one, and that a branch of our own form, established in America. A moment's reflection will show the erroneousness of this nomenclature. It is not only that other Churches in America are of far larger dimensions, but that from the nature of the case it would be as absurd to speak of the "Church of America" as it would be to speak of the "Church of Europe."

¹ An address delivered in Sion College, March 17, 1879. The authorities on which this sketch is founded are the usual works connected with American History. Perhaps I should specify more particularly Palfrey's *History of New England*, Beardsley's *History of the Church in Connecticut*, Bishop White's *Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, Stevens's *History of Methodism*. The rest speak for themselves; and I have derived much from the kindness of American friends in oral communication.

Each separate state is as it were a separate kingdom, and although the religious communities are not precisely conterminous with the different states, yet one or other predominates in these different commonwealths, and although a like complexion runs through almost all of them, the distinctions between what may be called the National Churches of the several States will perhaps never be altogether effaced.

During the War of Independence the Churches were set in hostile array by their politics. The Congregationalists were all Whigs; the Episcopalians, most of them, Tories. "The Quakers,"² says Franklin, "gave to the Revolution every opposition which their vast abilities and influence could suggest." During the great Civil War the Churches in the North and South were completely torn asunder by the distinction of political principle, and since the war it is with difficulty that any of them have been again re-united. The Southern Bishops asked for readmission to the Episcopal Convention, but on the express condition that no censure was to be passed on their departed colleague, Bishop Polk. The Northern Bishops consented to readmit them, but after much hesitation. The Methodists and Presbyterians of the North and South have not yet entirely coalesced. The Pope, in the plenitude of his infallibility, shrank from pronouncing a judgment on the question of slavery such as

² Sargent's *André*, 122.

might alienate from his Church either the North or the South.

It is this variation of ecclesiastical organization in the different States which explains the principle that has often misled European bystanders, namely, that which excludes from the consideration of Congress all concerns of religion. This, by whatever other influence it may have been accomplished, is the natural result of the almost necessary exclusion of the central government from the domestic arrangements of the particular States. Long before and long after the Congress had been established, the governments of individual States still exercised an undoubted control over the ecclesiastical affairs of their particular communities.

The whole system is or was till recently more or less what we should call concurrent establishment or concurrent endowment. The principle of Establishment in America existed till our own time in a galling and odious form, such as never existed in England, that of a direct taxation in each State for whatever was the predominant form of religion. This has now disappeared,¹ but the principle of endowment still continues; and if the endowments of Harvard College in Massachusetts, or Trinity Church in New York, were attacked, the programme of the Liberation Society would in this respect meet with a resistance in the United States as sturdy as it awakens in England.

(2.) Again, as with the United States at large, so also in regard to their religious development, the truth holds that they exhibit the marks of a young, unformed, and, so to speak, raw society. The American Churches from the first retained and still retain traces of a state of feeling which from the Churches of the older continent have almost passed away. The intolerance which is the mark of the crudity of newly-formed communities

was found in the United States long after it had ceased in the mother country. Baptists and Quakers, for their religious opinions, were cruelly scourged in the state of Massachusetts after any such barbarous punishment, on any purely theological grounds, had vanished from England. A venerable Baptist has recorded² his sufferings whilst exposed to the lash of his persecutors, in language worthy of an early Christian martyr, and the sufferings of the Quakers have been made the subject of a tragedy by Longfellow. Even as late as 1750 an old man is said to have been publicly scourged in Boston for non-attendance at the Congregationalist worship.³

On the question of slavery, which in the American Churches reached, both in North and South, the dignity of a religious dogma, there were instances, even within our own time, of the missionaries of abolition being burnt alive at the stake long after any such punishment was inflicted even in Scotland even on witches.⁴

The exclusiveness of public opinion against some of the prevailing forms of religious belief in America till within twenty or thirty years ago, was at least equal to anything found amongst ourselves. A well-known English traveller passing through the states where Unitarian opinions were not in vogue, tells us that she was warned in significant terms that she had better conceal them if she wished to find social reception.⁵ The passion for pilgrimages, relics, and anniversaries is, with some obvious modifications, as ardent as in the European Churches of the Middle Ages, and the preternatural multiplication of the wood of the Mayflower is

² Grant's *History of the Baptists*, p. 447.

³ Wilberforce, *History of the American Church*, 116.

⁴ Miss Martineau's *Western Travel*, iii. 81, 174; ii. 208. *Society in America*, i. 148, 150. Garrison at Boston narrowly escaped death, *Western Travel*, iii. 76; *Society in America*, i. 176.

⁵ Miss Martineau's *W. T.* 180, 211; *S. A.* ii. 15, 29, 227.

¹ See an excellent article on the Anglo-American Churches, in the *London Quarterly*, vol. xlvii. p. 414.

said to be almost as extraordinary as the preternatural multiplication of the wood of the True Cross.¹

(3.) Again, the social estimation of the different Churches bears a striking resemblance to those distinctions which in other forms might have been found in the Churches of Europe centuries ago. These relations are in detail often the reverse of what we find in Europe, but this does not make less significant the general fact of the combination of certain religious convictions with certain strata of society.

Let me briefly give a sketch of these social conditions as they now appear, inherited no doubt in large proportion from the historical origin of the different creeds. At the top of the scale must be placed, varying according to the different states in which they are found, the Unitarian Church, chiefly in Massachusetts; the Episcopal Church chiefly in Connecticut and the Southern States. Next, the Quakers, or Friends, in Philadelphia, limited in numbers, but powerful in influence and respectability, who constituted the mainstay of Pennsylvanian loyalty during the War of Independence.² Next, the Presbyterian Church, and close upon its borders and often on a level with it, the Congregationalists. Then, after a long interval, the Methodists; and following upon them, also after an interval, the Baptists; and again, with perhaps a short interval, the Universalists, springing from the lower ranks of Congregationalists. Then, after a deep gulf, the Roman Catholic Church, which, except in Maryland and the French population of Canada and of Old Louisiana, is confined almost entirely to the Irish. Their political influence is no doubt powerful; but this arises from the homogeneousness of their vote. There are also a few distinguished examples of Roman Catholics in the highest ranks of the legal profession.

Below and besides all these are

the various unions of eccentric characters, Shakers and the like, who occupy in the retired fastnesses of North America something of the same position which was occupied by the like eccentric monastic orders of mediæval Europe.

In what respects these various religious communities have contributed to American society results superior or inferior to those of the National Churches of Europe, is well discussed by Mr. Thomas Hughes in his chapter on this subject, in *The Old Church and what to do with it*, which (with two trifling exceptions) I adopt as so completely coinciding with my own impressions, as to render any further discussion of the matter useless in this place.

II. We will now leave these general remarks, and take the different Churches in the order of their chronological formation, dwelling chiefly on those which have the largest significance.

(1.) Passing over for the moment the two great outlying Roman Catholic settlements in the Southern States and Canada, which, as not being of British origin, cannot be fairly brought within the scope of these remarks, the first solid foundation of any religious community in the United States was that of the New England Churches. These, being derived from the Puritans who escaped from the detested yoke of the legislation of the Stuart kings, gave a colour to the whole religion of the first civilisation of North America.

There are considerable varieties in detail. The Puritans³ of Salem, who regarded themselves as non-conforming members of the Church of England, looked with aversion on the separatist principles of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed in the Mayflower at Plymouth. It was long before this breach was healed, and the distinction, jealously guarded in the retrospect

¹ Lyell, *Second Visit*, i. 120.

² Sargent's *Andre*, 119.

³ See the Oration of the Hon. W. C. Endicott, p. 170, on the Commemoration of the Landing of John Endicott at Salem.

even at the present day, is not unimportant, as bringing before our minds the true historical position of the Puritans in the mother country. The pathetic expressions of affection for the Church of England—"England," as they said, "and not Babylon"—the passionate desire not to leave it, but to reform it—this was the well-spring of the religious life of America as it was the well-spring of the religious life of those distinguished English pastors whom the Act of Uniformity compelled reluctantly to abandon their posts in the National Church at home.

Another variation amongst the Puritan settlers was that which divided the Presbyterians from the Congregationalists. The Congregationalists, as they have insisted upon terming themselves,¹ instead of taking the name of "Independents," which their co-religionists have adopted in England, carried on the line of ecclesiastical policy which would probably have prevailed in England had Richard Cromwell remained seated on his father's throne, and transmitted his sceptre to another and yet another Oliver, with whatever modifications the national circumstances might have produced. The names of the streets of Boston still bear witness, or did till within a few years ago, of the force with which the recollection of those days clung to the New England colonists. Newbury Street, from the battle of Newbury; Commonwealth Street, from the English Commonwealth; Cromwell Street, from the great Protector; and amongst the Christian names, which are remarkable indications in every country of the prevailing affections of the period, are a host of Biblical appellations which in the mother-country, even amongst Nonconformists, have almost become extinct:—Kind, Light, Lively, Vigilance, Free-grace, Search-the-Scriptures, Accepted, Elected, Hate-evil, Faint-not, Rest-come, Pardon, Above-hope, Free-gift, Reforma-

tion, Oceanus (born on the Mayflower), Peregrine (first child born after the landing of the Pilgrims), Return, Freeborn, Freedom, Pilgrim, Donation, Ransom, Mercy, Dependence, Hardy, Reliance, Deliverance, Experience, Consider, Prudence, Patience ("Patia"), Standfast, Sweet, Hope, Hopestill, Urbane, Rejoice, Welcome, Desire, Amity, Remember, Hasty, Prosper, Wealthy, Mindwell, Duty, Zealous, Opportunity, Submit, Fearing, Unite, Model, Comfort, Fidelity, Silence, Amen, Reason, Right, Rescue, Humble.

There are three romantic stories which have come down to us from those early times. One is the only legend which Walter Scott has incorporated into his romances from the history of America, the apparition of the *regicide* Goffe in a battle with the Red Indians at Hadley; the second, the anecdote of the firmness of Judge Davenport at New Haven on the supposed arrival of the Day of Judgment during an extraordinary darkness; thirdly, the self-imposed penance of Judge Sewall at Salem for his persecution of the witches.

Two great institutions owe their origin to the first Congregationalist settlers—Harvard College, of the American Cambridge in Massachusetts, Yale College, in the city of Elms at New Haven—each with its splendid hall and chapel—each with its group of smaller edifices, destined doubtless to grow up into a constellation of colleges.

Two characters of apostolic zeal appeared in connection with the mission to the Indians. One was David Brainerd, the heroic youth (for he was but twenty-nine when he died) who devoted to the service of the Indians a life as saintly as ever was nurtured by European Missions. "Not from necessity but by choice, for it appeared to me that God's dealings towards me had fitted me for a life of solitariness and hardship, and that I had nothing to lose by a total renunciation of it. It appeared to me

¹ The name was given by Conant.

just and right that I should be destitute of home and many comforts of life which I rejoice to see other of God's people enjoy. And at the same time I saw so much of the excellency of Christ's kingdom, and the infinite desirableness of its advancement in the world, that it swallowed all my other thoughts, and made me willing, yea, even rejoice, to be made a pilgrim or hermit in the wilderness, and to my dying moment, if I might truly promote the blessed interests of the great Redeemer, and if ever my soul presented itself to God for His service without any reserve of any kind it did so now. The language of thought and disposition now was, 'Here am I—Lord, send me;' send me to the jungle, the savage pagans of the wilderness—send me from all these so-called comforts on earth, or earthly comfort—send me even to death itself if it be but in Thy Name and to promote Thy kingdom."¹

The other was "the Apostle of the Indians," John Eliot, whose translation of the Bible into their language remains as the monument both of his own gigantic effort and the sole record of their tongue, and also of the friendly relations which the Church of England then maintained with its separated children. It was supported by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—"the Venerable Society," as the Americans call it—and by Sion College.² He lies in the churchyard on the rocky hill of Roxbury, in the suburbs of Boston.

2. The Presbyterians, who in Great Britain furnished so large an element to the contending Churches at the time of our civil wars, but who, with us, have almost entirely receded or been confined to the great Presbyterian communion on the other side of the Tweed, in America have kept up alike their inborn vigour and their numerical force. Amongst them rose the one theological name of the early

period of American ecclesiastical history which still possesses a European fame. In the secluded village of Stockbridge, amongst the Berkshire hills, a wooden cottage is shown which for many years was the residence of Jonathan Edwards. It was there that he composed his book on the *Freedom of the Will*, which is said to be the most powerful exposition of the doctrines of necessity dear alike to the Calvinistic theologian and to the modern scientific investigator.³

It may be of interest for a moment to recall his outward manner of life as the tradition of it is there preserved, because it shows that the apparent incongruities of ecclesiastical preferment and individual character are not confined to the anomalies of European Churches. He was sent out there as a missionary to the Indians and pastor to the colonists, but it is said of him with a simplicity that provokes a smile, that thirteen out of the twenty-four hours were devoted to study in his house; that his time out of doors was chiefly devoted to cutting wood and riding through the forest; that he never visited his people except they were sick, and did not know his own cattle. He is laid in the cemetery of Princetown, the chief Presbyterian university of which in his latter years he was president; and hard by lies his grandson, the Satan of American history, Aaron Burr.

One other name of later days belongs alike to the theology of Europe and America, connected in like manner with the Presbyterians or Congregationalists. It is that of Dr. Robinson, the author of *Biblical Researches in Palestine*. A simple solid granite pillar marks the site of his grave in the most beautiful of American cemeteries, that of Greenwood, in the neighbourhood of New York. He was the first explorer of Palestine who saw it with the eyes of a

¹ Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, iii. 460.

² Anderson, ii. 386, 387, 398.

³ It is difficult precisely to classify Edwards' ecclesiastical position. He began and ended as a Presbyterian, but was much connected in the interval with Congregationalists.

mind fully prepared for what he was to discover, and capable of seeing what he had to describe. His works may be superseded by later investigators and more attractive writers, but he will always be regarded as the founder of modern sacred geography.

It was inevitable that the Presbyterian body in America should be increased and fortified by an influx of those holding the same creed or form of Church government from Scotland and Ulster. It is in Canada chiefly that these have found their home. There alone amongst the Colonial settlements of Great Britain the rancour of Orangemen against Papists still continues in unbroken force. The streets of Montreal have been the scene of riots as furious as those which have disturbed the thoroughfares of Belfast. There also the distinction between the Established and the Free Church of Scotland has been carried beyond the Atlantic, and although in the almost necessary absence of fuel to keep alive the division, the two sections have within the last few years been brought to an outward coalition, yet it was only three years ago that a dispute on the question of the duration of future punishment almost again rent them asunder; the members of the old National Church of Scotland maintaining without exception the more merciful and (we trust) Biblical view of this question, and the members of the Free Church equally adhering, according to their characteristic usage, to the more narrow and traditional opinion.

A word should be given to the Dutch Reformed Church, which exists amongst the American forms of Presbyterianism. It has a kind of European reputation in the pages of Washington Irving and of Mrs. Grant's *Memoirs of an American Lady*.¹ Döllinger, when asked what theologians the Americans had produced, answered "Only two—Channing" (of whom we shall speak presently) "and the Dutch Reformed pastor, Nevins,"

¹ II. 92. I. 38, 267.

the author of *The Spirit of Sect*, and father of the present accomplished chaplain to the Episcopal American Church at Rome.

(3.) The next infusion into the ecclesiastical elements of America were the two great Communions which I have already mentioned, the Baptists and the Methodists.

Of the Baptists it is only necessary here to say that in numbers they surpass all other American Churches, except the Methodists, including, as they do, not merely many of the humbler classes in the Northern States, but also a large proportion of the negroes in the South. One interesting feature in their history deserves to be recorded. Many are accustomed in these latter days in England to speak as if the chief mode by which religion is propagated must be the importance attached to sacramental forms. It is worth while for us to contemplate this vast American Church, which, more than the corresponding community in England, lays stress on its retention of what is undoubtedly the primitive, apostolical, and was till the thirteenth century, the universal mode of baptism in Christendom, which is still retained throughout the Eastern Churches, and which is still in our own Church as positively enjoined in theory as it is universally neglected in practice, namely, the oriental, strange, inconvenient and, to us, almost barbarous practice of immersion. The Baptist Churches, although they have used our own Authorised Version, and will, we trust, accept our new revision, yet in their own translation of the Bible have substituted "immersion" for the more ambiguous term, "baptism." The attraction which this ceremony of total ablution, in the burning heats of the Southern States, offers to uneducated minds is said to be one of the most powerful motives which have induced the negroes to adopt the Baptist communion. A measure of the want of education amongst these primitive converts may be given in the

story told of the triumphant tones in which a negro teacher of the Baptist Church addressed a member of the chief rival communion. "You profess to go to the Bible, and yet in the Bible you find constant mention of 'John the Baptist,' John the Immerser. Where do you ever find any mention of 'John the Methodist'?"

(4.) This leads us to that other communion whose progress through the United States alone exceeds that of the Baptists. John Wesley and George Whitefield alone, or almost alone, of eminent English teachers were drawn beyond the limits of their own country to propagate the Gospel, or their own view of it, in the Transatlantic regions. John Wesley's career in Georgia, although not the most attractive of his fields of labour, is yet deeply interesting from his close connection with one of the noblest of all the religious founders of the American States, General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. "In the heart of the evergreen forest, in the deep solitude of St. Simon's Island, is the great oak with its hanging moss, which they still call 'Wesley's Oak,' underneath which he preached to the colony in the wilderness." George Whitefield produced by his preaching the same extraordinary effect which he had produced in England, of which the crowning example is the impression he left on the hard, homely, philosophic mind of Benjamin Franklin; and, thorough Englishman as he was, he terminated his marvellous career, not in England, but in America, and his bones still remain to be visited like the relics of a mediæval saint in the church of Newburyport in Massachusetts.

It would seem as if three elements conducted to the remarkable position of the American Methodists. First, for the more educated classes the Arminianism of Wesley, to which in their uncultured way the Transatlantic Methodists still adhered, furnished some kind of escape from the stern Calvinism of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of New England; and it may be that

out of this tendency sprang that remarkable off-set from Congregationalism of which I have already spoken, the Universalists.

Secondly, the Episcopal organization of this community, which, although differing from the more regular forms under which it is preserved in the Roman, English, and Lutheran Churches, has yet justified Wesley's adoption of it by the coherence which it has given to a system otherwise so diffusive.¹

Coke, the first Methodist, the first Protestant Bishop² of America, has a life and death not unworthy of the vast Church of which he was the virtual founder. He was the right hand of Wesley—inferior, no doubt, but still his chief supporter. "I want," he said, on his last visit to America, "the wings of an eagle and the voice of a prophet, to proclaim the Gospel east and west, and north and south." He was consecrated Bishop by Wesley with the full approval of the most saintly and one of the most churchmanlike of Wesley's followers, Fletcher of Madeley. He crossed the Atlantic eighteen times. He traversed for forty years the British Isles, the United States, and the West Indies. He found his grave in the Indian Ocean on his way to the wide sphere of Missionary labour in the East Indies.

Thirdly, the hymns, originating in

¹ For the futile attempts of Coke to procure Episcopal ordination for the Methodist clergy from the Church of England and the Episcopal American Church, see Stevens' *History of Methodism*, iii. 129, 130. Coke wrote to Lord Liverpool and also to William Wilberforce to offer himself as the first Bishop of India (*Ibid.* iii. 329. Tyerman's *Life and Times of Wesley*, iii. 434).

² The name of Bishop, as applied to an Episcopal office created by a Presbyter, may, in the ordinary parlance of modern Europe, be regarded as a solecism. But in the rude organization of primitive times, such a use of the word was a necessity. All the Bishops of the second century must have been created by Presbyters of the first century, and this usage continued in Alexandria down to the fourth century.—See Bishop Lightfoot's exhaustive treatise on the Christian Ministry in his work on the Epistle to the Philippians, p. 228, 229.

the first instance from the pens of John Wesley and his brother Charles, and multiplied by the fertility of American fancy, have an attraction for the coloured population corresponding to that ceremonial charm which I have already described as furnished to them by the Baptists through the rite of immersion.

(5.) We now come to the latest, but not the least important developments of American Christianity. Out of the Calvinism of the New England Churches, much in the same way as out of the Calvinism of Geneva itself, under the influence of the general wave of critical and philosophical inquiry which swept over the whole of Europe in the eighteenth century, there arose in the famous city, which by its rare culture and social charms may claim to be the Geneva of America, that form of Congregationalism, which, for want of a better name, has been called partly by its enemies and partly by its friends, Unitarianism. Not great in numbers,¹ except in Boston and its neighbourhood, but including within itself almost all the cultivated authorship of America in the beginning of this century, the Unitarian Church at that period was unquestionably at the summit of the civilised Christianity of the Western continent. Its chief representative was one of the few names which, like Jonathan Edwards, has acquired not only an American but a European splendour, Dr. Channing. The stiff and stately style of his works will hardly maintain its ground under the altered tastes of our generation. But it is believed that his sermons may still from time to time be heard from English pulpits where we should least expect to find them. And both in England and America there still remains the strong personal impression which he left on those who knew him.

Those who can remember him describe the dignified courtesy and gracious humility which gave even to

his outward appearance the likeness of an ancient English dignitary; and with this was combined, in the later period of his life, a courageous zeal rarely united with a cautious and shrinking temperament like his, in behalf of the cause of Abolition, then, in his native State and amongst his own peculiar circles, branded with unpopularity amounting almost to odium. "When he read a prayer, it left upon those who listened the impression that it was the best prayer that they had ever heard, or when he gave out a hymn, that it was the best hymn they had ever read." To some one who was complaining of the strenuous denunciations in the Gospel Discourses, he opened the New Testament and read the passages aloud. As soon as he had finished, his hearer said, "Oh, if that was the tone in which they were spoken, it alters the case."² When he came to this country he visited the poet Wordsworth, and years afterwards the poet would point to the chair in which he had sat, and say, "There sat Dr. Channing." Coleridge, after his interview, said of him, "Dr. Channing is a philosopher in both possible senses of the word. He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love."³ When he died he was borne to his grave in the cemetery at Mount Auburn amidst the mourning of all Boston; and the bells of the Roman Catholic chapel joined with those of Protestant church and chapel and meeting-house in muffled peals for the loss of one who, as his gravestone records, was "honoured," not only "by the Christian society of which for nearly forty years he was pastor," but "throughout Christendom."⁴

The neighbourhood of Newport was the scene of his early life.⁵ "No spot on earth," he said, "helped to form me like that beach." He was a complete Bostonian, yet he had a keen sense of the social superiority of

² *Life*, ii. 286; iii. 449.

¹ One-fifth of the population in Boston. Lyell's Second Visit, i. 172.

³ II. 219. Compare Wordsworth's account, ii. 218.

⁴ I. 136.

⁵ I. 100.

the Virginians.¹ He was a thorough American, but in the Napoleonic war his love for England was as strong as if he had been born in Britain.²

One or two characteristic anecdotes may be given of his general culture.

Speaking of Cervantes, whom he could not forgive for his satire on Don Quixote, he said—"I love the Don too much to enjoy his history." The following passage in substance singularly coincides with the celebrated but long subsequent passage of Cardinal Newman on the religious aspect of music. "I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. Nothing in my experience is more inexplicable. An instinct has always led me to transfer the religious sentiment to music; and I suspect that the Christian world under its power has often attained to a singular consciousness of immortality. Facts of this nature make us feel what an infinite mystery our nature is, and how little our books of science reveal it to us."

We may add various passages, which give a just estimate of the catholicity of his theological sentiments. "Read to me," he said to his friends in his last hours, "the Sermon on the Mount." And when they closed the Lord's Prayer, "I take comfort," he said, "and the profoundest comfort, from these words. They are full of the divinest spirit of our religion." "I value Unitarianism," he remarked, "not as a perfect system, but as freed from many errors of the older systems, as encouraging freedom of thought, as raising us above the despotism of the Church, and as breathing a mild and tolerant spirit into the members of the Christian body. I am little of a Unitarian; I have little sympathy with Priestley or Belsham, and stand aloof from all but those who strive and pray for clearer light, who look for a purer and more effectual manifestation of Christian faith."³

"I do not speak as a Unitarian, but as an independent Christian. I have little or no interest in Unitarians as a sect."

"Until a new thirst for truth, such, I fear, as is not now felt, takes possession of some gifted minds, we shall make little progress."

"The true Reformation, I apprehend, is yet to come."

"What I feel is that Christianity, as expounded by all our sects, is accomplishing its divine purpose very imperfectly, and that we want a Reformation worthy of the name; that, instead of enslaving ourselves to any existing sect, we should seek, by a new cleansing of our hearts, and more earnestness of prayer, brighter, purer, more quickening views of Christianity."

"We have reason to suppose, from what has been experienced, that great changes will take place in the present state of Christianity; and the time is, perhaps, coming when all our present sects will live only in history."

"God is a spirit, and His spiritual offspring carry the primary revelation of Him in their own nature. The God-like within us is the primary revelation of God. The moral nature is man's great tie to divinity. There is but one mode of approach to God. It is by faithfulness to the inward, everlasting law. The pure in heart see God. Here is the true way to God."

"Could I see before I die but a small gathering of men penetrated with reverence for humanity, with the spirit of freedom, and with faith in a more Christian constitution of society, I should be content."

"Strive to seize the true idea of Christ's character; to trace in His history the working of His soul; to comprehend the divinity of His spirit. Strive to rise above what was local, temporary, partial in Christ's teaching, to His universal, all-comprehending truth."

It is said that there was in the warmth⁴ of Unitarian preachers at that

¹ Life, i. 82.

² I. 332.

³ See his candid estimate of English Theology, ii. 148-151, and of all Churches, i. 352. See also i. 344, 387, 406; ii. 38, 400.

⁴ Lyell, Second Visit. i. 176.

time something quite unlike the coldness frequently ascribed to it. One fervent spirit at least, though divided from it in later days, sprang from the Unitarian Church, Theodore Parker. He also, though not so extensively, was one of the few American theologians known beyond his own country; and with all the objections which may be made against his rough and untimely modes of thought and expression, he must be regarded as the first pioneer, on the Transatlantic continent, of those larger views of critical inquiry and religious philosophy which have so deeply influenced all the Churches of the old world.

(6.) We now come to what is in one sense the earliest, in another, the latest born of the American Churches. Before the arrival of the Mayflower in the Bay of Plymouth there had already entered into the James River that adventurous colony, headed by the most marvellous of all the explorers of the Western world in those days, the representative of Raleigh, Captain John Smith. In him and in his settlement were the first parents of the Church of England in America. The first clergyman was Robert Hunt, vicar of Reculver in Kent, who was the chaplain of the unruly crew, and who celebrated in Virginia the first English Communion of the New World on Sunday, the 21st of June, 1607. We hear little of the early pastors; but any church might be proud to trace back its foundation to so noble a character as the devout sailor-hero John Smith. "In all his proceedings he made justice his first guide and experience his second, combating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers. He never allowed more for himself than for his soldiers with him—into no danger would he send them where he could not lead them himself. He never would see us want what he either had or could by any means get us. He would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay. He loved action more than words, and feared covetousness more

than death. His adventures were our lives, and his loss our own deaths."¹ An accomplished scholar of our own time has said, "*Machiavelli's Art of War* and the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*"² were the two books which Captain John Smith used when he was a young man. Smith is almost unknown and forgotten in England his native country, but not in America, where he saved the young colony in Virginia. He was great in his heroic character and his deeds of arms, but greater still in the nobleness of his character."

But the Church of England in Virginia did not reach at any time that high state of religious and moral development which belonged to the Puritan shapes of English Christianity in New England. No doubt the influence of the founders of Maryland and Georgia must have conduced to its spread in those southern regions; but in the Northern States it was usually regarded as a mere concomitant of those English Governors who resided in their capital cities.

The Anglican clergy were more or less treated as Dissenters. In the State Archives at Hartford there is still to be seen a petition from the Episcopal clergy of Connecticut urging the Governor of the State to use his influence in inducing the Congregationalist clergy to allow them access to the Eucharist. There is something highly instructive in a record which represents the clergy of the Church of Archbishop Laud and Bishop Ken acknowledging the spiritual validity and value of sacraments administered by Congregationalists, and half imploring the civil power to force this rival Church to allow them to participate in its communion.

Although from time to time the intention arose of sending a Bishop

¹ Narrative of Pots. in Smith's *History of Virginia*, p. 93, quoted in Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, vol. i. p. 252. See also the address on "The Historical Aspect of the United States," Macmillan, January, 1879.

² George Long in the Preface to the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, p. 27.

from England to administer and consolidate the English Church in those parts, the project was never seriously entertained, and it was in the absence of such an element that John Wesley felt constrained to authorise the irregular episcopate of the Methodists.

One splendid name—the greatest of Deans—was suggested for this position—Jonathan Swift. Happily—or unhappily—for America the project came to naught. But it is impossible not to reflect on the different fate of the English Church in America had its first Bishop been that most wonderful genius, that most unhappy man, of his age.¹ The American clergy also narrowly escaped the misfortune of a succession of nonjuring bishops.²

The wranglings of the Virginian and Maryland clergy with their vestries never mount to the dignity of history, till on that fatal day when the dispute with the "parsons" on the tithe and tobacco duty suddenly called forth the most eloquent orator of the Revolution—the rustic Patrick Henry—

"The forest-born Demosthenes—
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the Seas;" whose speech on that day passed into a proverb for a successful oratorical effort—"He is almost equal to Patrick Henry when he pleaded against the parsons."³

There were, however, from time to time flashes of interest shown by the English Church for its American children. Two are so remarkable as to deserve special notice. When Nicholas Ferrar, the monastic recluse of Gidding, sent a friend to minister to the dying pastor of Bemerton, George Herbert presented to Ferrar the manuscript of his poems. When Ferrar undertook to procure from the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge the necessary license for printing them it was found that two lines were not allowed to pass without remonstrance. They were these—

"Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand."

It is believed that they were suggested to Herbert by his intimacy with Ferrar, who, himself a member of the struggling Virginian company, had at one time thought of devoting his life to the New World. Ferrar accordingly strove hard for their retention. The Vice-Chancellor at last permitted their appearance, adding his hope, however, that the world would not take Herbert for an inspired prophet.⁴ They remain to show if not the prophetic at least the poetic and religious interest which the small germ of the Church of England in America had for the Koble of that age.

Another still more memorable example occurs in the next century. The romantic scheme of Berkeley for the civilisation of Bermuda and the evangelisation of the Indians, led him to settle for two years at Newport in Rhode Island. He was the first Dean⁵ (for he was not yet Bishop) who ever set foot on the American shores. His wooden house ("Whitehall") still remains. The churches of Rhode Island still retain the various parts of his organ. The cave in the rock overhanging the beach—the same beach that "formed the mind" of Channing—is pointed out where he composed *The Minute Philosopher*. Yale College is proud to exhibit his portrait and his bequest of books. His chair is the chair of state in the college of Hartford. And the University of California, in grateful memory of the most illustrious Churchman who ever visited the New World, has adopted his name, and has inscribed over its portal those famous lines in which he expressed, with even larger scope than Herbert, his confidence in the progress of America—

"Westward the course of empire holds its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

¹ Anderson, iii. 222, 287.

² Wilberforce, 161.

³ Anderson, iii. 236-241.

⁴ Anderson, i. 362.

⁵ A great dignitary of the English Church, called "Dean."—Anderson, iii. 482.

This blessing has been often applied to the American States—some portion of it may perhaps descend to the American Churches, especially that in which Berkeley himself took most interest.

But these brilliant incidents are exceptions. The vestiges of the English Church in America previous to the separation have chiefly now for us but an antiquarian charm. In the cities which fringe the eastern coasts there exist churches few and far between, built at this period. Some of them were built of bricks brought out from England. They are most of them copied from the model of our St. Martin's in the Fields. They retain the internal arrangements—the high reading-desk, the towering pulpit, the high pews, the Creed and Ten Commandments, which now, alas! have almost disappeared from every church in London. In the next century, if America is wise enough to preserve these venerable antiquities, they will be visited by English archaeologists as the rare survivals of a form of architecture and of ecclesiological arrangement which in England will have become entirely extinct. The solid communion plate, the huge folio Prayer-books presented by Queen Anne and George I., still adorn their altars; and the prayers for the Royal Family may be identified by peering through the leaves which were pasted together at the time when the Revolution rendered it impossible for the words any more to be used.

Naturally when the war broke out between the colonies and the mother country these scattered congregations of English churchmen with their pastors, in many instances adhered to the cause of the monarchy, and when the separation was at last accomplished many of them fled from their posts and took refuge in the nearest English port, at Halifax. But then arose the question by what means the "episcopal government" could be preserved when the connection with the English Crown and Church had been so completely severed.

From two separate centres arose the determination, if possible, to reunite the severed link. At the time when Presbyterianism and Congregationalism in Boston were gradually developing into Unitarianism a movement originating partly from the same sentiment of reaction against the Calvinistic teachers of New Haven manifested itself in Connecticut.

The two teachers in the College of Yale, its "Rector" and its "Tutor," Cutler and Johnson by name, being convinced of the superiority of the Anglican system to that in which they had been nurtured, with a resolute firmness which overcame all difficulties, crossed the ocean and sought ordination at the hands of the Bishops of the English Church. They were welcomed by Dean Stanhope in the Deanery of Canterbury, and they were ordained by Bishop Robinson in St. Martin's Church. They were perhaps the first native colonists who had received ordination in England, and it may be that this connection with St. Martin's led to that reproduction of it as the ideal of church architecture, which I have already noticed. Johnson at Yale College had been held in high estimation, and had been the first to introduce the Copernican in the place of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy which had been taught there till 1717. He became the friend of Berkeley, and ultimately the first president of King's College, now Columbia College, at New York, the first Episcopal College in America. This movement, which took place long before the Revolution, formed a soil on which Anglican tendencies might naturally fructify. Accordingly it was from Connecticut, when the crisis of the Revolution was accomplished, that a bold spirit first conceived the notion of obtaining for himself, and through himself for his country, episcopal consecration. It was Samuel Seabury. He came over to England with the resolve of seeking this consecration, if possible, from the English bishops—and if, owing to

obvious difficulties they were unable to grant it, to seek it from the Episcopal Communion in Scotland. This last alternative was the one which he adopted. It has often been said that when repulsed by the English bishops, he was on his way to receive the Episcopal succession from Denmark,¹ but was diverted from his intention by the counsel of Dr. Routh of Oxford, then a young man, who advised him to claim it from Scotland. Whatever Dr. Routh may have said, it is an error to suppose that this was what influenced Seabury's determination. A letter² still extant shows beyond question that it was part of his original instructions when he crossed the Atlantic. If any English clergyman confirmed him in his resolution to cross the Tweed it was the eccentric though amiable George Berkeley, the Bishop's son.

From the Scottish bishops accordingly in a small chamber of the humble dwelling of the Scottish "Primus" in Aberdeen, Seabury received his consecration. A fac-simile of the agreement which those bishops made with him is kept in the Episcopal College of Hartford in Connecticut. The original is in the possession of Dr. Seabury of New York. It contains, amongst other provisions, three conditions, characteristic of the narrow local views of that small, insignificant, suffering body. The first was, that Seabury should use his utmost endeavours to prevent the American clergy or bishops from showing any countenance to those clergy in Scotland who had received ordination at the hands of their dreaded rivals, the English bishops. It was in fact an anticipation of the modern protest against Bishop Beccles. The second was that he should endeavour as far

as possible to retain in America that one shred of the old English liturgy to which, through good and evil fortune, and amidst all other accommodations to Presbyterian usages, the Scottish Episcopal Church still adhered, namely the arrangement of the Communion office in the First Book of King Edward, retained in the Laudian liturgy.³ The third was, that the civil authorities should only be mentioned in general terms, a proposal evidently intended to cover the Scottish omission (from Jacobite scruples) of the names of the Royal Family in Great Britain. Another point that he endeavoured to carry out, at the solicitation of the Scottish Jacobites, was the exclusion of laymen⁴ from ecclesiastical assemblies; but in this he failed, though gaining the point that Bishops should not be tried by the laity.

Under these conditions, and with the high ecclesiastical spirit natural to himself, and fortified by his connection with these nonjuring divines, Seabury returned. Long afterwards he maintained a dignity which must be regarded as altogether exceptional, not only by Americans, but by Englishmen. There remains in the college at Hartford a huge black mitre, the only genuine Protestant mitre on which the eyes of any English Churchman have ever rested. It was borne by Bishop Seabury, not merely as an heraldic badge or in state ceremonial, but in the high solemnities of his own church in Connecticut. To his influence also must be attributed that singular office in the American Prayer-book, happily not obligatory, the one exception to its general tone, on which we shall presently enlarge—the Office of Institution of the Clergy, containing every phrase relating to ministerial functions, which both from the English and American Prayer-books, had been carefully ex-

¹ The question of going to Denmark was afterwards suggested in reference to the consecration of Bishop White, but never followed up.—White, 20, 27.

² This letter of Mr. Fogg is published in *Church Documents*, vol. ii. 212, 213. Since this address was delivered much useful information, of which I have availed myself, has been given me by the Rev. Samuel Hart, of Hartford, Connecticut.

³ There are differences in detail between the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., the Laudian Liturgy and the Scottish Office. But these are beside our present purpose.

⁴ White's *Memoirs*, pp. 200, 290.

cluded—"altar," "sacerdotal," "apostolic succession." This office, although now hardly ever used in the American Episcopal Church, yet remains, we will not say as a "dead fly causing the ointment to stink," but at any rate as a mark of the influence which Seabury's spirit continued to exercise after his death.¹

But it was felt then, as it has been felt since, that any American Church conducted upon these principles was certain to fail,² and happily for the continuance of anything like Anglican principles on the other side of the Atlantic, others were found at that trying time of a totally different stamp, who were able to secure and transmit a nobler and larger view of the system of the Church of England.

Amongst the clergy of Philadelphia, there was one who had sided with the colonists in their struggle against the English Crown. William White, the Rector of Christ Church, was the bosom friend of Washington, and Washington, who was one of the old Virginian gentry himself, was an adherent, if not (which is much disputed) a communicant, of the old Church of England. White was the chaplain of the first congress held in Philadelphia; and, when the separation was finally accomplished, he and others like-minded with him, undertook to frame a scheme for the reconstitution of the English Church in America.

The same liberal tendency which pervaded the Church of England itself at that period was not unknown to these, its American children. According to the slang of the time, White and his colleagues were denounced by the extreme Churchmen of the day as "Socinians;"³ and if we regard the partisan usage, which included under that name Tillotson and Burnet, and all advocates of

toleration and enlightened learning, they had no reason to repudiate a title so given. They perceived that if an independent church, deriving its existence from the Church of England, was to arise in America, it must adapt itself not only to the changed political circumstances, but also to the newer and better modes of feeling which had sprung up since the last revision of the Prayer-book at the restoration of Charles II. They took for a model the main alterations (so far as they knew them) proposed in the time⁴ of William III., by the latitudinarian divines of that period, which in England were unfortunately baffled by the opposition of the High Church and Jacobite clergy in the Lower House of the Southern Convocation.

These modifications were almost all in the same good direction. A few verbal alterations were occasioned by the fastidiousness which belonged partly to the phraseology of the eighteenth century, and partly to the false delicacy said to be one of the characteristics of American society. But the larger changes were almost entirely inspired by the liberal thought of that age. White and his colleagues felt the incongruity of still continuing in the services for Ordination and Visitation, words of ambiguous meaning, derived from the darkest period of the Middle Ages, unknown to the ancient or Eastern Church, which our English divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had either not the knowledge or the courage to reject. In the Ordination Service an alternative expression to the objectionable formula was offered, to which Seabury appears to have reluctantly consented. In the Visitation Service it was omitted altogether. They brought out in the Catechism the spiritual character of the Eucharist. They modified the questionable passages of the Marriage and the Burial

¹ The Office was published in 1804. Seabury's death (see a striking account of it in Beardsley's *History of the Church in Connecticut*, i. p. 435) was in 1796.

² Even Bishop Wilberforce felt this.—*History of the American Church*, 261.

³ Wilberforce, 216.

⁴ These alterations were at that time known either through tradition or the records of Collier and Burnet. The exact details were not printed in England till 1854.

services. They swept away from the Communion Service all the prefatory portion, containing the incongruous wish for the restoration of primitive discipline and the curses on impenitent sinners, leaving only the few collects at the end. They allowed an alternative in the selection of the Psalms which avoids the more vindictive and exclusively Judaic elements of the Psalter. They permitted the explanation of the Ten Commandments in the spirit of the Two Great Commandments of the Gospel. They introduced the liberty of abridging the services, and thus of avoiding the constant repetitions which still to many minds form a stumbling block in the English Liturgy. They relaxed the obligation of Immersion and of the sign of the Cross in Baptism. They gave permission either to omit altogether any special Eucharistic formula on Trinity Sunday, or to use a Biblical alternative for the excessive scholasticism of that in the English Prayer-book. They anticipated, though not in the same form, but still with the same intention, the improvements in the Calendar of Lessons which have been adopted by the English Church within the present year. They foresaw the difficulty of maintaining in the public services the use of phraseology so doubtful, and with difficulties so obvious, to large classes of their countrymen, as some of the expressions contained within the old confessions. In the so-called Apostles' Creed, they proposed to omit the clause containing the belief of the Descent into Hell which once constituted the chief element in the primitive conception of redemption. The so-called Nicene Creed, possibly from the conviction that a document in parts so strangely mistranslated and interpolated as that in the English Prayer-book, had no special claim to their regard, they proposed to omit altogether, as also the so-called Athanasian Creed. When they began their negotiations with the English Primates on the conditions of consecration, one

at least of the English bishops hesitated to give a sanction to these sweeping changes. The American clergy consented so far to replace the Nicene Creed, as to allow it to be used as an alternative to the Apostles' Creed, but even then, without any compulsory obligation to use it. The disputed clause in the Apostles' Creed they restored, but with the permission to omit it or to use an alternative expression.¹ The Athanasian Creed, with the feeling which no doubt faithfully represented all the more enlightened and Christian thought at that time, they positively refused to re-admit under any terms whatsoever. Accordingly, with the full acquiescence of the English hierarchy, that document has vanished never to return, not only from the Prayer-book, but even from the Articles of the American Episcopal Church. The forms of subscription which in England had operated so fatally in the exclusion of some of the best and wisest clergy of the Church at the time of the Restoration; which weighed so heavily on the consciences of many of the English clergy in the eighteenth century; and which fifteen years ago were at last happily altered in England, owing to the pressure of liberal statesmen, who had not at that time abandoned the wholesome task of reforming the Church of England, never existed in the American Episcopal Church, which thus remained an instructive example of a church enabled to maintain itself by conformity² to its book of devotions, without the stumbling-blocks which, as Bishop Burnet foresaw long ago, are inherent in almost any form of subscription to elaborate formularies of faith.³

Such are the conditions under which

¹ "And any Churches may omit the words HE DESCENDED INTO HELL, or may, instead of them, use the words, HE WENT INTO THE PLACE OF DEPARTED SPIRITS, which are considered as words of the same meaning in this Creed."

² White, 320, 362.

³ The form of subscription is as follows:—
"I do believe the Holy Scriptures of the Old

the American Episcopate was obtained from the English prelates under an Act of Parliament framed for that express purpose, which whilst allowing full freedom to propagate English Episcopacy in the separated Colonies, carefully guarded the English Constitution in Church and State in a spirit, the vigour of which had at that time not been enfeebled. Such were the characteristic elements of the English latitudinarianism of the eighteenth century, which a Church regarded by some High Churchmen as the model of ecclesiastical perfection did not hesitate to adopt. Such were the improvements in which it had the honour of forestalling, not indeed the nobler aspirations of British theology, but the tardy and reluctant steps of recent British Anglicanism and of recent British Nonconformity. Such are the proofs of the long advance which the American Episcopal Church, as well as the English authorities in sanctioning its foundation on these conditions, had made in spiritual discernment and ecclesiastical learning beyond the prevailing prejudice which in our own day has hitherto retarded most of these obvious improvements.

The incorporation of Bishop Seabury, with his Scottish antecedents, was not accomplished without a struggle. Although he and Bishop White acted on the whole cordially together, there were those amongst the founders of the American Church who felt the danger of associating themselves with a communion so one-sided as the small nonjuring sect in Scotland.¹ But this was overruled. One permanent trace only of the Scottish consecration was left, the Scottish Communion Office. This last, however,

and New Testament to be the Word of God, and to contain all things necessary to salvation, and I do solemnly engage to conform to the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States."

¹ Granville Sharpe in England protested against the Scottish consecration (White, 312), and in America the Convention of 1786 refused to acknowledge the validity of his ordinations (Anderson, iii. 400).

although by ignorance and passion it has been often regarded as an approach to the mediæval views of the Eucharist, in point of fact is more Protestant, because more spiritual,² than that which the Church of England has itself retained. With these liberal sentiments, the American Episcopal Church started upon its arduous career. Discredited by its connection with England at a time when the very name of England was hateful—small in numbers against the overwhelming proportions in which the other Churches of America had propagated themselves, it maintained with some difficulty its hold even on the Eastern States of the Republic. Gradually, however, as the sentiment against England, under the genial influence of Washington Irving and the American poets, faded from view, the attractions of the revised English Liturgy won their way. From seven bishoprics it has now increased to sixty, and it has attained a place amongst the cultivated portions of American society, at least equal, and in many places superior, to that which was formerly in the exclusive possession of the Unitarian Congregationalists.

What may be the future fortunes of the American Episcopal Church it would be rash to predict. When we consider the vast numerical superiority of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and still more of the Methodists and Baptists, it is difficult to suppose that it can ever reach such a position as to entitle it to be regarded

² The prominence given to the spiritual sacrifice of "themselves, their souls and bodies," offered by the laity, and which in the present English Prayer-book is relegated to a subordinate place in the Communion office, is, in the Liturgy of the Scottish Church, as in the First Prayer-book of King Edward, incorporated in the very heart of the Consecration Prayer, and thus gives a deathblow to the superficial, mechanical, and material ideas of sacrifice which belong to the ancient or mediæval notions of the Eucharist. The importance ascribed to the Invocation of the Holy Spirit as borrowed from the Eastern Church, is less liable to superstitious abuse than the value which both the Roman and English Churches attribute to the repetition of the formula of Institution.

as the representative Church of the United States. But a sojourn in America somewhat disinclines a spectator to attach too much importance to vast numbers whether in the statistics of population, or money, or distance. "Size," said Professor Huxley, in addressing an intelligent and sympathetic audience at Baltimore, "is not grandeur." We are rather led to hope that there, as in the older countries of Europe, the future will be ultimately in the hands, not of the least educated, but of the most educated portions of the community, and in that portion the Episcopal Church of America will have a considerable part to play if it only remains faithful to the liberal principles on which it first started.

Berkeley, even in his day, observed of the English Church in America that all the other Churches considered it the *second best*; and when, in order to relieve themselves of the duty of paying their contribution to the dominant Church of each State, American citizens had to certify that they belonged to some other communion, the common expression was, "We have left the Christian Church, and joined the Episcopalans." That residuary, secular, comprehensive aspect which is so excellent a characteristic of the National Church of England, is more or less true of its offshoot in the New World. It is still the Themistocles of the American Churches.

Again, although perhaps its divines and pastors have not yet acquired a European fame, it has sent forth missionaries, bishops, and clergy, who have endeavoured perhaps more than the ministers of any other communion to keep pace with the rapidly increasing westward emigration, and have on the frontiers of barbarism maintained something like a standard of civilisation.

And yet further, there is a powerful section of its clergy who rule its ecclesiastical congresses and fill its pulpits with a true zeal for the cause of enlightenment, inquiry, and charity, dear to all liberal Churchmen.

No. 236.—VOL. XL.

These circumstances may well lead us to regard the Episcopal Church of the United States, if amongst the smallest of the American communions, yet not the least important. No doubt the spirit of Bishop Seabury has at times prevailed over the spirit of Bishop White; and it has been remarked of it by a kindly Nonconformist, that its tone of exclusiveness towards other Churches is sometimes not less arrogant and intolerant than the utmost pretensions known in England.¹ Still in practice it contains a body of enlightened men willing to live on equal and friendly terms with their Congregational and Presbyterian brethren, and to welcome from this country everything which tells of free thought, large sympathy, and hope for the future of humanity.

(7.) One word, in conclusion, which touches all the American Churches equally. The changes which have already taken place in their historical retrospect are such as to open a long vista in their historical prospect. The old dogma of the colonists of New England has faded away, that all "vicars, rectors, deans, priests, and bishops were of the devil;" nor could there be now any shadow of pretext for ascribing to the Congregationalist Churches the belief that every tenth child was snatched away from its mother's side by demons in the shape of bishops.² The technical representations of the doctrine of the Trinity which Channing refused to admit are gradually giving way to the Biblical representations of it which Channing would gladly have accepted. The rigid Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards has almost ceased to exist.³ "The

¹ *London Quarterly*, xlvii. 445. The candid recognition (in this Nonconformist Essay) of the general excellence of the Episcopal Church of America and of its probable future is very significant.

² Sargent's *Life of André*, 59.

³ There is in Hartford a small community called "the Old Lights," who still insist on conformity to the doctrines of extreme Calvinism; and similar isolated instances may exist elsewhere. But these are evidently exceptions.

pale Unitarianism of Boston,"¹ which Emerson condemned, is becoming suffused with the genial atmosphere which Emerson has done so much to promote, and which is shared by the higher minds of all the Churches equally. In proportion as the larger culture and deeper spirit of the European continent penetrates the American mind, there is a hope that the more flexible forms of the American nation will open the way to the invisible influences of the invisible Church of the future; and that in that proportion all the American Churches may rise out of the provincial and colonial condition of thought which has hitherto starved their mental life. We trust that they will bear in mind the prospects held out to them by the ancient pastor who in his farewell to the Pilgrim Fathers from the shores of

¹ Wilberforce's *American Church*, p. 31.

Europe uttered those memorable words: "I am persuaded that the Lord hath more truth yet to come for us—yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. Neither Luther nor Calvin," he said, and we may add neither Edwards nor Channing, neither Seabury nor White, "has penetrated into the whole counsel of God." They must receive as an article of the covenant both of American and European Christianity, that, in the words of their own latest intellectual oracle,²

"Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host."

They will know that—

"The word unto the Prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken."

They will know that—

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

² *The Problem*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A. P. STANLEY.

"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER XLII.

"IT HAS ALL BEEN A LIE."

In a week's time Saint-Méran had become a distinct element in the social atmosphere of Broxton and vicinity. He fell into his place at Rachel Ffrench's side with the naturalness of a man who felt he had some slight claim upon his position. He was her father's guest; they had seen a great deal of each other abroad. Any woman might have felt his well-bred homage a delicate compliment. He was received as an agreeable addition to society; he attended her upon all occasions. From the window of his work-room Murdoch saw him drive by with her in her carriage, saw him drop into the bank for a friendly chat with Ffrench, who regarded him with a mixture of nervousness and admiration.

Haworth, having gone away again, had not heard of him. Of late the Works had seen little of its master. He made journeys hither and thither, and on his return from such journeys invariably kept the place in hot water. He drove the work on and tyrannised over the hands from foremen to puddlers. At such times there was mysterious and covert rebellion, and some sharp guessing as to what was going on, but it generally ended in this. Upon the whole the men were used to being bullied, and some of them worked the better for it.

Murdoch went about his work as usual, though there was not a decent man in the place who did not gradually awaken to the fact that some singular change was at work upon him. He concentrated all his mental powers upon what he had to do during work hours, and so held himself in check, but he spent all his leisure in

a kind of apathy, sitting in his cell at his work-table in his old posture, his forehead supported by his hands, his fingers locked in his tumbled hair. Sometimes he was seized with fits of nervous trembling which left him weak. When he left home in the morning he did not return until night, and ate no mid-day meal.

As yet he was only drifting here and there; he had arrived at no conclusions; he did not believe in his own reasoning; the first blow had simply stunned him. A man who had been less reserved and who had begun upon a fair foundation of common knowledge would have understood; he understood nothing but his passion, his past rapture, and that a mysterious shock had fallen upon him.

He lived in this way for more than a week, and then he roused himself to make a struggle. One bright, sunny day, after sitting dumbly for half an hour or so, he staggered to his feet and took up his hat.

"I'll—try—again," he said, mechanically. "I'll try again. I don't know what it means. It may have been my fault. I don't think it was—but it may have been. Perhaps I expected too much." And he went out.

After he had been absent some minutes, Ffrench came in from the bank. He had been having a hard morning of it. The few apparently unimportant indiscretions in the way of private speculation of which he had been guilty were beginning to present themselves in divers unpleasant forms, and to assume an air of importance he had not believed possible. His best ventures had failed him, and things which he was extremely anxious to keep from Haworth's ears were assuming a shape which would render

it difficult to manage them privately. He was badgered and baited on all sides, and naturally began to see his own folly. His greatest fear was not so much that he should lose the money he had risked, as that Haworth should discover his luckless weakness and confront and crush him with it. As he stood in fear of his daughter, so he stood in fear of Haworth; but his dread of Haworth was, perhaps, the stronger feeling of the two. His very refinement added to it. Having gained the object of his ambition, he had found it not exactly what he had pictured it. Haworth had not spared him, the very hands had derided his enthusiastic and strenuous efforts; he had secretly felt that his position was ridiculous, and provocative of satire among the unscientific herd. When he had done anything which should have brought him success and helped him to assert himself, it had somehow always failed, and now—

He sat down in the managerial chair before Haworth's great table, strewn with papers and bills. He had shut the door behind him, and was glad to be alone.

"I am extremely unfortunate," he faltered aloud. "I don't know how to account for it." And he glanced about him helplessly. Before the words had fairly left his lips his privacy was broken in upon. The door was flung open and Murdoch came in. He had evidently walked fast, for he was breathing heavily, and he had plainly expected to find the room empty. He looked at Ffrench, sat down and wiped his lips.

"I want you," he began, with laboured articulation, "I want you—to tell me—what—I have done."

Ffrench could only stare at him.

"I went to the house," he said, "and asked for her." (He did not say for whom, nor was it necessary that he should. Ffrench understood him perfectly.) "I swear I saw her standing at the window as I went up the path. She had a purple dress on

—and a white flower in her hair—and Saint-Mèran was at her side. Before, the man at the door never waited for me to speak; this time he stood and looked at me. I said, 'I want to see Miss Ffrench;' he answered, 'She is not at home.'—'Not at home,' breaking into a rough laugh—"not at home" to me!"

He clenched his fist and dashed it against the chair.

"What does it mean?" he cried out. "What does it mean?"

Ffrench quaked.

"I—I don't know," he answered, and his own face gave him the lie.

Murdoch caught his words up and flung them back at him.

"You don't know!" he cried. "Then I will tell you. It means that she has been playing me false from first to last."

Ffrench felt his position becoming weaker and weaker. Here was a state of affairs he had never seen before; here was a madness which concealed nothing, which defied all, which flung all social presuppositions to the winds. He ought to have been able to palter and equivocate, to profess well-bred surprise and some delicate indignation, to be dignified and subtle; but he was not. He could only sit and wonder what would come next, and feel uncomfortable and alarmed. The thing which came next he had not expected any more than he had expected the rest of the outbreak.

Suddenly a sullen calmness settled upon the young fellow—a calm which spoke of some fierce determination.

"I don't know why I should have broken out like this before you," he said. "Seeing you here when I expected to fight it out alone, surprised me into it. But there is one thing I am going to do. I'll hear the truth from her own lips. When you go home I will go with you. They won't turn me back then, and I'll see her face to face."

"I—" began Ffrench, and then added, completely overwhelmed, "Very—perhaps it would be—be best."

"Best!" echoed Murdoch, with another laugh. "No, it won't be best; it will be worst; but I'll do it for all that."

And he dropped his head upon the arms he had folded on the chair's back, and so sat in a forlorn, comfortless posture, not speaking, not stirring, as if he did not know that there was any presence in the room but his own.

And he kept his word. As Ffrench was going out into the street at dusk he felt a touch on his shoulder, and turning, found that he stood close behind him.

"I'm ready," he said, "if you are."

When they reached the house, the man who opened the door stared at them blankly, which so irritated Ffrench that he found an excuse for administering a sharp rebuke to him about some trifle.

"They are always making some stupid blunder," he said to Murdoch as they passed up stairs to the drawing-room.

But Murdoch did not hear.

It was one of the occasions on which Rachel Ffrench reached her highest point of beauty. Her black velvet dress was almost severe in its simplicity, and her one ornament was the jewelled star in her high *coiffure*. M. Saint-Méran held his place at her side. He received Murdoch with *empressement*, and exhibited much tact and good feeling. But Murdoch would have none of him. He had neither tact nor experience.

His time did not come until the evening was nearly over, and it would never have come if he had not at last forced her to confront him by making his way to her side with a daring which was so novel in him that it would have mastered another woman.

Near her he trembled a little, but he said what he had come to say.

"To-day," he said, "when I called—your servant told me you were not at home."

She paused a moment before answer-

ing, but when she did answer he trembled no more.

"That was unfortunate," she said.

"It was not true—I saw you at the window."

She looked him quietly in the face, answering him in two words,

"Did you?"

He turned on his heel and walked away. His brain whirled; he did not know how he got out of the room. He was scarcely conscious of existence until he found himself out of doors. He got beyond the gate and into the road and to the end of the road, but there he stopped and turned back. He went back until he found he was opposite the house again, looking up at the lighted window, he did not know why. A sharp rain was falling, but he did not feel it. He stood staring at the window, mechanically plucking at the leaves on the hedge near him. He scarcely knew whether it was a curse or a sob which fell from his lips and awakened him at last.

"Am I going mad?" he said. "Do men go mad through such things? God forbid—if there is a God! It has all been a lie—a lie—a lie!"

CHAPTER XLII.

"ANOTHER MAN!"

In two days Haworth returned. He came from the station one morning, not having been home. He did not go to the Works, but to the bank and straight into Ffrench's private room.

The look this unhappy gentleman gave him when he saw him was a queer mixture of anxiety, furtive query, and amiably frank welcome,—the frank welcome a very faint element indeed, though it was brought to light by a violent effort. Haworth shut the door and locked it, and then turned upon him, his face black with rage.

"Say summat!" he ground out through his teeth. "Say summat as'll keep me from smashing every bone in your body!"

Ffrench gave him one hopeless

glance and wilted into a drooping, weakly, protesting, humiliated figure.

"Don't—don't be so severe, Haworth," he said. "I—I——"

"Blast you!" burst in Haworth, pitilessly. "You've ruined me!"

He spoke under his breath. No one in the room beyond could hear a word, but it was a thousand times more terrible than if he had roared at the top of his voice, as was his custom when things went amiss.

"You've ruined me!" he repeated. "You! A chap that's played gentleman manufacturer; a chap I've laughed at; a chap I took in to serve my own ends—ruined me, by——"

"Oh, no, no!" the culprit cried out. "My dear fellow, no! No, no!"

Haworth strode up to him and struck his fist against the table.

"Have I ever told you a word of what was going on?" he demanded.

"No! no!"

"Have I ever let you be aught but what I swore you should be at th' first—a fellow to play second fiddle and do what he was told?"

Ffrench turned pale. A less hard nature would have felt more sympathy for him.

"No," he answered, "you have not," and his chin dropped on his breast.

Haworth shook his fist in his face. He was in a frenzy of rage and despair.

"It's been going from bad to worse for six months," he said; "but you were not up to seeing it stare you in the face. Strikes are the things for trade to thrive on! One place after another gone down and Jem Haworth's stood up. Jem Haworth's out-done 'em all. I've not slept for three months, my lad. I've fought it like a tiger! I've not left a stone unturned. I've held my mouth shut and my eyes open,—aye, and held my breath, too. I've sworn every time I saw daylight that I'd hold it out to the end and show 'em all what Haworth was made of, and how he stood when th' nobs went down at the first drive. I'd sooner have hell than what's bound to come

now! And it's you that's done it. You've lost me twenty thousand pound,—twenty thousand, when ten's worth more to me than a hundred was twelve months since!"

Ffrench quailed like a woman.

"Are—are you going to murder me?" he said. "You look as if you were."

Haworth turned on his heel.

"You're not worth it," he answered, "or I'd do it, by the Lord Harry."

Then he came back to him.

"I've paid enow for what I've never had, by George," he said, with bitter grimness.

"For what you have——" Ffrench began.

Haworth stopped him by flinging himself down in a chair near him—so near that their faces were brought within uncomfortably close range of each other. There was no avoiding his eye.

"You know what," he sneered. "None better."

"I——" Ffrench faltered.

"Blast you!" said Haworth. "You played her like bait to a fish—in your gentleman's fashion."

Ffrench felt a little sick. It was not unnatural that he should. A man of refined instincts likes less than any other man to be confronted brutally with the fact that he has, however delicately, tampered with a coarseness.

Haworth went on.

"You knew how to do it, and you did it—gentleman way. You knew me, and you knew I was hard hit, and you knew I'd make a big throw. That was between us two, though we never said a word. I'd never give up a thing in my life before, and I was mad for her. She knew how to hold me off, and gave me plenty to think of. What else had you, my lad? 'Haworth's' didn't want a gentleman; 'Haworth's' didn't want brass, and you'd none to give if it did. It wasn't *you* who was took in partner; it was what Jem Haworth was aiming at—and has missed, by——"

He got up, and, pushing his chair

back, made a stride towards the door. Ffrench was sure he was going away without another word, but he suddenly stopped and turned back.

"I'd sooner take hell than what's comin'," he repeated in a hoarse whisper. "And it's you that's brought it on me; but if I'd got what I aimed at, it might have come and welcome."

Then he went out.

He went across to the Works, and, going into his room, he found Murdoch standing at one of the windows gazing out at something in the street. He was haggard and gaunt, and had a vacant look. It occurred to Haworth that some sudden physical ailment had attacked him. He went up to his side.

"What have you found, lad?" he demanded.

The next instant his own eyes discovered what it was. An open carriage was just drawing up before the bank. Rachel Ffrench sat in it and Saint-Méran was with her.

He looked at them a second or so and then looked at Murdoch—at his wretched face and his hollow eyes. An unsavoury exclamation burst from him.

"What!" he cried out after it. "There's another man, is there? Is it that?"

"Yes," was Murdoch's monotonous reply. "There's another man."

CHAPTER XLIII.

"EVEN."

THE same evening M. Saint-Méran had the pleasure of meeting an individual of whom he had heard much, and in whom he was greatly interested. This individual was the master of "Haworth's," who came in after dinner.

If he had found Murdoch a little trying and wearisome, M. Saint-Méran found Haworth astounding. He was not at all prepared for him. When he walked into the room as if it were his own, gave a bare half-nod to

Ffrench, and carried himself aggressively to Miss Ffrench's side, Saint-Méran was transfixed with astonishment. He had heard faint rumours of something like this before, but had never dreamed of seeing it. He retreated within himself and occupied himself with a study of the manners and characteristics of the successful manufacturers of Great Britain.

"He is very large," he said, with soft sarcasm, to Miss Ffrench. "Very large indeed."

"That," replied Miss Ffrench, "is probably the result of the iron trade."

The truth was that he seemed to fill the room. The time had passed when he was ill at ease in the house. Now he was cool to defiance. Ffrench had never found him so embarrassing as he was upon this particular evening. He spoke very little, sitting in his chair silent, with a gloomy and brooding look. When he directed his attention upon any one, it was upon Rachel. The prolonged gaze which he occasionally fixed upon her was one of evil scrutiny, which stirred her usually cool blood not a little. She never failed, however, to meet it with composure. At last she did a daring thing. Under cover of a conversation between her father and Saint-Méran, she went to the table at his side and began to turn over the books upon it.

"I think," she said, in an undertone, "that you have something to say to me."

"Aye," he answered, "I have that; and the time'll come when I shall say it, too."

"You think I am afraid to hear it," she continued. "Follow me into the next room and see."

Then she addressed her father, speaking aloud.

"Your plans for the new bank are in the next room, I believe," she said. "I wish to show them to Mr. Haworth."

"Y—yes," he admitted, somewhat reluctantly. "They are on my table."

She passed through the folding doors,

and Haworth followed her. She stopped at one of the windows and waited for him to speak, and it was during this moment in which she waited that he saw in her face what he had not seen before—a faint pallor and a change which was not so much a real change as the foreshadowing of one to come. He saw it now because it chanced that the light struck full upon her.

"Now," she said, "say your say. But let me tell you that I shall listen not because I feel a shadow of interest in it, but because I *know* you thought I shrank from hearing it."

He pushed open the French window and strode on to the terrace.

"Step out here," he said.

She went out.

"This," he said, glancing about him, "this is th' place you stood on th' night you showed yourself to the strikers."

She made no answer.

"It's as good a place as any," he went on. "I'm going," with bitter significance, "to have it out with you."

Then, for the first time, it struck her that she had overstepped the mark and done a dangerous thing, but she would have borne a great deal sooner than turn back, and so she remained.

"I've stood it a long time," he said, "and now I'm going to reckon up. There's a good bit of reckoning up to be done betwixt you and me, for all you've held me at arm's length."

"I am glad," she put in, "that you acknowledge that I did hold you at arm's length, and that you were not blind to it."

"Oh," he answered, "I wasn't blind to it, no more than you were blind to the other; and from first to last it's been my comfort to remember that you weren't blind to the other—that you knew it as well as I did. I've held to that."

He came close to her.

"When I give up what I'd worked twenty year to get, what did I give it up for? For *you*. When I took

Ffrench in partner, what did I run the risk for? For *you*. What was to pay me? *You*."

His close presence in the shadow was so intolerable to her that she could have cried out, but she did not.

"You made a poor bargain," she remarked.

"Aye, a poor bargain; but you were one in it. You bore it in your mind, and you've bore it there from then till now, and I've got a hold on you through it that's worth summat to me, if I never came nigh nor touched you. You knew it, and you let it be. No other chap can pay more for you than Jem Haworth's paid. I've got that to think of."

She made a gesture with her hand.

"I—I—hush!" she cried. "I will not hear it!"

"Stop it, if you can. Call 'em if you want, and let 'em hear—th' new chap and all. You shall hear, if all Broxton comes. I've paid twenty-five year' of work and sweat and grime; I've paid 'Haworth's'—for I'm a ruined chap as I stand here; and but for *you* I'd have got through."

There was a shock in these last words; if they were true the blow would fall on her too.

"What," she faltered,—“what do you mean?”

"Th' strikes begun it," he answered laconically, "and he," with a jerk of his thumb towards the room in which her father sat, "finished it. He tried some of his gentleman pranks in a quiet way, and he lost money on 'em. He's lost it again and again, and tried to cover it with fresh shifts, and it's 'Haworth's' that must pay for 'em. It'll come sooner or later, and you may make up your mind to it."

"What were you doing?" she demanded, sharply. "You might have known—"

"Aye," he returned, "what was I doing? I used to be a sharp chap enow. I've not been as sharp i' th' last twelve month, and he was up to it. He thought it was his own brass,

likely—he'd give summat for it as belonged to him."

He came nearer to the light and eyed her over.

"You've had your day," he said. "You've made a worse chap of me than I need have been. You—you lost me a friend; I hadn't counted that in. You've done worse by him than you've done by me. He was th' finer mak' of th' two, and it'll go harder with him. When I came in, he was hanging about the road-side, looking up at the house. He didn't see me, but I saw him. He'll be there many a night, I dare say. I'd be ready to swear he's there now."

"Whom do you mean?"

"I mean—Murdoch!"

The very sound of his own voice seemed to fire him with rage. She saw a look in his eye which caused her to shrink back. But she was too late. He caught her by the arm and dragged her towards him.

A second later, when he released her, she staggered to one of the rustic seats and sank crouching into it, hiding her face in the folds of her dress. She had not cried out, however, or uttered a sound, and he had known she would not.

He stood looking down at her.

"A gentleman wouldn't have done it," he said, hoarsely. "I'm not a gentleman. You've held me off and trampled me under foot. That'll leave us a bit even."

And he turned on his heel and walked away into the darkness.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"WHY DO YOU CRY FOR ME?"

WHEN he said that he had seen Murdoch standing in the road before the house, he had spoken the truth. It was also true that even as they stood upon the terrace he was there still.

He was there every night. Where he slept or when, or if at all, his mother and Christian did not know; they only knew that he never spent a

night at home. They barely saw him from day to day. When he came home in the morning and evening, it was to sit at the table, rarely speaking, scarcely tasting food, only drinking greedily the cup of strong coffee Christian always had in readiness for him. The girl was very good to him in these days. She watched him in terror of his unnatural mood. He hardly seemed to see them when they were in the room with him; his eyes were hollow and burning bright; he grew thin and narrow-chested and stooped; his hands were unsteady when he lifted anything.

When she was alone, Christian said to herself again and again:

"He will die. There is no help for it. He will die—or worse."

One morning she came down to find him lying on the sofa with closed eyes and such a deathly face that she almost cried out aloud. But she restrained herself and went into the kitchen as if to perform her usual tasks. Not long afterwards she returned, carrying a little tray with a cup of hot coffee upon it.

"Will you drink this for me?" she said to him.

He opened his eyes a little impatiently, but he sat up and drank it.

"It's very good," he said, as he fell back again into his old position, "but you mustn't put yourself to trouble for me."

Afterwards the coffee was always ready for him when he came in, and he got into the habit of drinking it mechanically.

The books he had been accustomed to pore over at every leisure moment lay unopened. He neither touched nor looked at them.

The two women tried to live their lives as if nothing were happening. They studiously avoided questioning or appearing to observe him.

"We must not let him think that we talk of him," Christian said.

She showed a wonderful gentleness and tact. Until long afterwards, Mrs. Murdoch scarcely knew what support

and comfort she had in her. Her past life had planted in her a readiness to despair.

"He is like his father," she said once. "He was like him as a child. He is very trusting and faithful, but when his belief is gone it is all over. He has given up as his father did before he died. He will not try to live."

He did not try to live, but he did not think of death. He was too full of other morbid thoughts. He could not follow any idea far. A thousand of them came and went and in the end were as nothing.

"Why," he kept saying to himself weakly and wearily,—*"why* was it? What had I done?"

"It was a strange thing to choose me out of so many," he said. "I was hardly worth it. To have chosen another man would have served her better."

He did not know how the days passed at the Works. The men began to gaze at him askance and mutter to each other when he went by.

"Th' feyther went daft," they said. "Is this chap goin' th' same way?"

It was only the look of his face which made them say so. It was not likely that he would make any outcry, and he got through his work one way or another. But the days were his dread. The nights, strange and dreadful though they might be, were better than the broad daylight, with the scores of hands about him and the clangour of hammers and whirr of machinery. He fell into the habit of going to the engine-room and standing staring at the engine, fascinated by it. Once he drew nearer and nearer with such a look in his eye that Floxham began to regard him stealthily. He went closer, pace by pace, and at last made a step which brought a shout from Floxham, who sprang upon him and tore him away.

"What art at, tha foo'!" he yelled. "Does tha want to be takken whoam on a shutter?"

Wakening, as it were, with a long-

drawn breath, "I forgot," he said; "that was it. I was thinking of another thing."

The time came at length when he had altered so that when he went out his mother and Christian often sat up together half the night trembling with a fear neither of them would have put into words. As they sat trying to talk, each would glance at the other stealthily, and when their eyes met, each would start as if with some guilty thought.

On one of the worst and most dreadful of nights, Christian suddenly arose from her seat, crossed the hearth and threw herself upon her knees before her companion.

"I am going out," she said. "Don't—don't try to keep me."

"It is midnight," Mrs. Murdoch answered, "and—you don't know where to go."

"Yes," the girl returned, "I do. For God's sake, let me go! I cannot bear it."

The woman gave her a long look, and then said a strange and cruel thing.

"You had better stay where you are. It is not *you* he wants."

"No," bitterly, "it is not me he wants; but I can find him and make sure—that—that he will come back. And then you will go to sleep."

She left her in spite of her efforts to detain her. She was utterly fearless, and went into the night as if there was no such thing as peril on earth.

She did know where to go, and went there. Murdoch was standing opposite the house in which Rachel Ffrench slept.

She went to him and put her hand on his arm.

"What are you doing here?" she said, in a low voice.

He turned and gave her a cold, vacant look. He did not seem at all surprised at finding her dark, beautiful young face at his very shoulder.

"I don't know exactly," he said. "Can you tell me?"

"We have been waiting for you," she said. "We often wait for you. We cannot rest when you are away."

"Do you want me to go home and go to bed decently and sleep?" he said. "Do you suppose I would not, if I could? I always start from here and come back here. I say to myself, 'It will take me an hour to reach the place where I can see her window.' It is something to hold one's mind in check with. This rambling—and— and forgetting what one has meant to think about is a terrible thing."

"Come home with me," she said. "We will not talk. You can lie on the sofa and we will go away. I want your mother to sleep."

Something in her presence began to influence him to a more sane mood.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "It is midnight."

"I am not afraid," she answered. "I could not bear to stay in the house. We sit there——"

An idea seemed to strike him suddenly. He stopped her.

"Did you come," he asked deliberately, "because you thought I might do myself harm?"

She would not answer, and after waiting a second or so he went on slowly:

"I have thought I might myself— sometimes, but never for long. You have no need to fear. I am always stopped by the thought that—perhaps—it is not worth it after all. When things look clearer, I shall get over it. Yes—I think I shall get over it— though now there seems to be no end. But—some day—it will come—and I shall get over it. Don't be afraid that I shall do myself harm. If I am not killed—before the end comes—I shall not kill myself. I shall know it was not worth it after all."

The tears had been running down her cheeks as she stood, but she bit her lip and forced herself to breathe evenly, so that he might not find her out. But just then, as he moved, a great drop fell upon the back of his hand. He stopped and held it still, as if in the darkness he was trying to look at it. He began to tremble.

"Good God!" he cried. "You are crying. Why do you cry for me?"

"Because I cannot help it," she said in a half-whisper. "I do not cry often. I never cried for any one before."

He began to move slowly along at her side.

"I'll take you home," he said. "Don't cry."

To be continued.

BURNS'S UNPUBLISHED COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

IV.

THE next poem in the Commonplace Book was first published from it by Alexander Smith in the *Golden Treasury* Burns, 1865. It is as follows:—

Extempore—to Mr. Gavin Hamilton.

To you, Sir, this summons I've sent,
Pray whip till the pownie is fraething,
But if you demand what I want,
I honestly answer you, naething.—

Page 30.

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me,
For idly just living & breathing,
While people of every degree
Are busy employed about—naething.—

Poor Centum per centum may fast,
And grumble his hurdies their clathing;
He'll find, when the balance is cast;
He's gane to the devil for—naething.—

The Courtier cringes and bows,
Ambition has likewise its plaything;
A coronet beams on his brows,
And what is a Coronet? naething.—

Some quarrel the presbyter gown,
Some quarrel Episcopal graithing,
But every good fellow will own,
Their quarrel is all about—naething.—

The lover may sparkle and glow,
Approaching his bonie bit gay thing;
But marriage will soon let him know,
He's gotten a buskit up naething.—

The Poet may jingle and rhyme,
In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
And when he has wasted his time,
He's kindly rewarded with naething.—

The thundering bully may rage,
And swagger & swear like a heathen;
But collar him fast, I'll engage
You'll find that his courage is naething.—

Page 31

Last night with a feminine whig
A Poet she could na put faith in,
But soon, we grew lovingly big,
I taught her, her terrors were naething.—

Her whigship was wonderful pleased,
But charmingly tickled wi' ae thing
Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
And kissed her and promised her—
naething.—

The Priest anathemas may threat,
Predicament, Sir, that we're baith in:
But when honor's reveillé is beat,
The holy artillery's naething.—

And now I must mount on the wave,
My voyage perhaps there is death in;
But what of a watery grave!
The drowning a Poet is naething.—

And now as grim death's in my thought
To you, Sir, I make this bequeathing:
My service as lang as ye've ought,
And my friendship, by G——, when ye've
naething.

As this poem was first published from the *Commonplace Book*, I need not trouble the reader with variations. Probably Burns would not have used the expression 'feminine Whig' before his Edinburgh visit. He speaks of a lady whom he met at Kelso on May 9, 1787, as 'the old cross-grained, Whig-gish, ugly, slanderous Miss ——, with all the spleen of a disappointed ancient maid,' but she is not very likely to have been the subject of these verses.

From Mossiel Burns writes, saying that he was to set off to-morrow, Feb. 25th, 1788, for Dumfriesshire, to his Clarinda, a lady practically separated from her husband, who had entangled him in the most impossible of rhapsodical flirtations, and who was indignant ultimately because he did not choose to wait for the chance that Providence might ultimately set her free to bless him, by depriving her of a husband who after all survived Burns by sixteen years.

"I this morning, as I came home, called for a certain woman. I am disgusted with her—I cannot endure her! I, while my heart smote me for my profanity, tried to compare

her with my Clarinda; 'twas setting the expiring glimmer of a farthing taper beside the cloudless glory of the meridian sun. *Here* was tasteless insipidity, vulgarity of soul and mercenary fawning; *there* polished good sense, Heaven-born genius, and the most generous, the most delicate, the most tender passion. I have done with her, and she with me. I set off to-morrow for Dumfriesshire. 'Tis merely out of compliment to Mr. Miller, for I know the Indies must be my lot. I will write you from Dumfries, if these horrid postages don't frighten me. I just stay to write a few lines before I go to call on my friend, Mr. Gavin Hamilton."

One of the reasons that had just hurried him back from Edinburgh to Ayrshire, was that poor Jean Armour was again *enceinte*, and that her father had turned her out of doors. He had written, asking his friend, Robert Muir, to shelter her, but when he returned from Edinburgh, feeling that he could not leave her a burden on the generosity of any friend, he rented a lodging for her. The poor girl seems at this time not to have been able even to write, for he signed her name for her at her public marriage, nearly eight months later. Clarinda had just been sending him high-flown letters twice or thrice a day in Edinburgh, occasionally flavoured with passable sentimental verses. In the first hours of his return home, the contrast was no doubt all in favour of the absent mistress of his imagination, and against the wibegone girl whom her father had turned out of doors, and whom he felt to be a burden. It was under these feelings that he probably sent Gavin Hamilton this rollicking extempore, and Jean was the feminine Whig, who at first—not unnaturally—since he was very much disinclined to bind himself once more to her, 'could na put faith in her Poet.' No wonder he was unwilling, for her friends had thrust him savagely aside two years before, though he had made her all the reparation in his power. After entreating him to marry her, she had then sided with them and against him. They had now turned her out of doors to beg or starve. Even after he had induced her to put faith in

her Poet on the night of his return, he records next morning that he 'kissed her and promised her naething,' and he sends the bitter words I have quoted to her rival, Clarinda, a few hours afterwards. But Clarinda held him by a very uncertain tenure. The 'postages' seem to have been enough to frighten him from 24th February to 2nd March—'for now a long week,' when he sent her a scrap written 'at an inn, the post-office of the place, with just as long time as my horse eats its corn, to write you.' In that letter he calls her, 'My fair, my charming Poetess,' and adds, 'May all good things ever attend you.—I am ever, my dearest madam, yours, Sylvander.' Next day poor Jean brought him twin daughters, who died within a few days of their birth. Mr. Scott Douglas thinks the date, 3rd March, given in Burns's own handwriting for the birth of the second twins, in the family register in his family Bible, impossible. If there be a mistake, the 13th or the 23rd may have been the true date instead of the 3rd. One of the former twins—the little Jean whom the Armours had taken to bring up in their own house, when young Robert went to Moss-giel—had died three months previously, and it was not in a heart like Burns's to desert the poor girl, whom unless he married her, he had ruined, for the elegant and sentimental person who had courted and flattered him, and for the time no doubt turned his head. He writes Clarinda two more letters from the country—one from Mauchline on March 6th, and one from Moss-giel on the 7th—in neither of which he mentions Jean. He was back in Edinburgh before Monday, the 17th, and four letters to Clarinda between the Monday and the Friday close the correspondence. He met her again on the Saturday night, March 22nd. The expressions in his letters indicate that Clarinda's fondness equalled his own. On the 26th he was at Glasgow, posting to Dumfriesshire. On Sunday, the 30th, he was riding back 'through

a track of melancholy joyless moors, between Galloway and Ayrshire,' 'turning my thoughts to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.' On the 7th of April he wrote to his friend, Miss Margaret Chalmers—

"I have lately made some sacrifices for which were I *visd voce* with you, to paint the situation and record the circumstances, you would applaud me."

In fact when he returned from his melancholy ride, on the 30th of March, 'crooning' the words—

No birds sweetly singing, nor flowers softly springing,
Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless Despair,

to find his Jean weak from recent confinement, and saddened by the loss of their two infant daughters, a few days after their birth, he threw his sentimental grass-widow overboard, and tied himself once more to the illiterate girl who had given up everything for him.

Poor Clarinda's feelings may be inferred from his letter to Mrs. McLehose, from Ellisland, a year later, March 9, 1789—

"You will pardon me, madam, if I do not carry my complaisance so far as humbly to acquiesce in the name of 'Villain,' merely out of compliment to your opinion, much as I regard your judgment, and warmly as I regard your worth."

She had entangled him in a ridiculous and sentimental intrigue, at a time when he felt himself 'not under the smallest moral tie to Mrs. Burns'—she had filled it with long sermons and perpetual entreaties to respect her virtuous scruples, as he did—she had wheedled him into some sort of half understanding that he would wait for the inheritance of another, who, as it turned out, survived him sixteen years—and she called him a villain because he did his duty, and took his lot in life with the illiterate girl he had half ruined, instead of with the literary lady who was willing to be a permanent clog on his life in the interests of her vanity. Just before or after the birth of her infant daugh-

ters, he writes to his earliest and most intimate friend—

"I have taken the command myself, not ostensibly, but for a time in secret. I am gratified with your kind enquiries after her; as, after all, I may say with Othello,

'Excellent wretch,
Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!'"

Three days later he went to Edinburgh, and the 'expiring glimmer of the farthing taper,' which he was foolish enough to keep alight for three weeks longer, was the last of the serio-comic episode of Clarinda.

On Feb. 24th, 1788, Burns having spent the evening before—the evening of the day when he came home from Edinburgh—with Jean, was writing to Clarinda. I believe him to have sent this extempore to Gavin Hamilton, a few hours before calling on him, as an 'avant-courier,' of his visit. In the letter to Clarinda he writes that he is merely going to Dumfriesshire out of compliment to Mr. Miller, 'for I know the West Indies must be my lot.' No wonder that he says:—

And now I must mount on the wave
My voyage perhaps there is death in:
But what of a watery grave!
The drowning a Poet is naething.—

Gavin Hamilton's 'predicament with the session' refers of course to the minute of Church censure they had passed in 1784 on certain persons, of whom he was one, for irregular attendance at Divine ordinances, which on his complaint was ordered to be deleted from the Session Books by the superior Church Court, the Presbytery of Ayr, in 1785. He was 'dealt with' again on 2nd August, 1787. He explains the circumstances on the 8th, 'I was walking with my children in the forenoon in the garden, when some of them petitioned for a few new potatoes, having got none that season. I considered the request as so very reasonable, particularly from those who made it, that I did not scruple to listen to their demands; nor had I an idea that raising a few potatoes in a private garden would have given offence to any person more than pulling any

garden stuff.' His servant who dug the potatoes was publicly rebuked by the session, on 13th January, 1788. As there is no notice how the affair terminated with the master, it is probable that on the 24th February, 1788, when Burns despatched the extempore, Gavin Hamilton was still under the cloud of the priests' 'anathemas' for stiff-backed contumacy.

"Of the three zealous elders," says Robert Chambers, "constituting, along with the minister, the court by which Mr. Hamilton was prosecuted, and Burns rebuked, one put a period to his own life, and another" (Holy Willie) "died in a drunken fit, after becoming a convicted larcenist."

One of the three zealous elders seems to have taken little part in session business. Burns himself had had to stand with six others, he tells us, in the place of penitence on July 9, 1786. On one of his journeys in the autumn of 1787 he made his companion, Dr. Adair, sit down on the old cutty-stool at Dunfermline to receive a mimic rebuke. He was formally rebuked once more, before his public marriage, on 5th August, 1788, when he and Jean both acknowledged their irregular contract made about the beginning of April, and their sorrow for that irregularity. He was then invited to pay some fine, and he did so, by giving 'a guinea note for behoof of the poor.'

In 1859 my friend Mr. Jolly, her Majesty's Inspector of Schools in Inverness, saw Willie Patrick in Mauchline, who was Burns's herdboy from 1784 to 1788, while the brothers were at Mossgiel. He permits me to refer to private notes of his conversation with the old man—then eighty-three years of age—about two of the persons then in Mauchline, whose relations to the poet have made their names famous.

"Old Mr. Armour," he says, "was a kind of contractor or master builder, employing other masons, he and his sons being, as Patrick said, 'as guid workmen as ever lifted mell' (the maul or wooden hammer used by

masons to drive the iron chisel)." He owned his own house and several others near it in the Cowgate, had a good business, thought himself of the well-to-do class, and held no small opinion of his own consequence. He was of the stricter or "auld licht" sort, and therefore, by instinct and profession, disliked all freer ways, especially when combined with cleverness and sarcastic power. He would seem, however, not to have been perfectly correct in his own habits, though hard on others. It is certain that he had little liking for the poet when he came courting his daughter. "What kind of man was old Armour?" Mr. Jolly asked Patrick. "Surely a person of consequence in Mauchline, judging from his treatment of Burns?" "Ow, he was only a bit mason body, who used to snuff a good deal, and gay af'en tak' a bit dram." "Proud, was he? or why did he object to Burns so strongly?" "The thing was," said he, "he hated him, and would rather hae seen the deil himsel' comin' to the hoose to coort his dochter as him! He cu'dna bear the sicht o'm, and that was the way he did it!"

Of Gavin Hamilton, Patrick spoke, says Mr. Jolly, in the highest terms, designating him, like his master, as "the puir man's freend," which, he said, was the usual epithet accompanying the mention of his name in Mauchline. "He pointed out his grave to me with much feeling, saying, 'That's Gavin Hamilton's, sir, the puir man's freend, ye ken!' 'How did he get that name?' I asked, for the sake of getting his answer. 'He was aye kind to the puir man, and aye took his pairt' (socially and professionally, it would seem). 'A guid man was Gavin Hamilton!'"

No letter to Gavin Hamilton in 1787 subsequent to the date of the Common-place Book has been preserved except that from Stirling, 28th August (Paterson's edition, iv. 269), in which this Extempore does not seem likely to have found a place. The time when the poem was entered in the

Common-place Book is no sure indication of its probable date.

Burns was not so staunch a Presbyterian and hater of prelacy as most of the farmers in these Covenanting districts. His friend Gavin Hamilton was suspected of a distinct leaning to Episcopacy, his grandfather having been an Episcopal curate. On August 25, 1787, Burns sees Linlithgow—

"The infamous stool of repentance standing in the old Romish way, on a lofty situation," and bursts out, "What a poor pimpling business is a Presbyterian place of worship, dirty, narrow, and squalid, stuck in a corner of old popish grandeur such as Linlithgow and much more Melrose."

Page 32 of the Common-place Book begins with a poem by another author copied in Burns's handwriting. It is as follows:—

To the nightingale

On her leaving E—C—1784—By Mrs. Dr. Hunter—London.

Why from these shades, sweet bird of eve,
Art thou to other regions wildly fled?
Thy pensive song would oft my cares relieve,
Thy melancholy softness oft would shed
Peace on my weary soul, return again,
Return, and sadly sweet, in soothing notes
complain.—

At the still hour I'll come alone,
And listen to thy lovelorn trembling lay,
Or by the moon's beam on some mossy stone
I'll sit, and watch thy wing from spray to
spray;
Then when the swelling cadence slow shall
rise,
I'll join the plaintive strain in lowly murmur-
ing sighs.—

Ah, simple bird, where art thou flown!
What distant woodland now receives thy nest?
What distant echo answers to thy moan?
What distant thorn supports thy panting
breast?
Who e'er shall feel thy melting woes like me,
Or pay thee for thy song with such true
sympathy?

A sonnet in the manner of Petrarch—
By the Same.—

Come tender thoughts, with twilight's pensive
gloom,
Soften remembrance, mitigate despair,
And cast a gleam of comfort o'er the tomb.—

Methinks again the days and years return
When joy was young, and careless fancy
smiled,

Page 33.

When hope with promises the heart beguiled
When love illumed the world, and happiness
was born.—

Where are ye fled, dear moments of delight!
And thou, O best beloved! alas, no more
The future can the faded past restore,
Wrapped in the shades of Time's eternal
night.—

For me remains alone, through ling'ring years,
The melancholly Muse, companion of my
tears.—

Mrs. Dr. Hunter, London, was the wife of the celebrated surgeon, John Hunter, whom she married in 1771, when she was twenty-nine years of age and her husband forty-three. She was the sister of Sir Everard Home, of Greenlaw Castle in Berwickshire, a pupil of Hunter's, who ultimately wrote the great surgeon's life and edited some of his works. At the time of his sister's marriage he was only a boy of fifteen. It seems not too much to say of Sir Everard that he owed the high professional position he held in London mainly to his familiarity with the writings and manuscripts of his distinguished brother-in-law. The Hunters lived in Earl's Court, Brompton, a locality not now too familiar to the nightingale. Mrs. Hunter was the author of "My mother bids me bind my hair," "The Mermaid's Song," and others rendered famous by the music of Haydn, whose intimate friend she was. She died in 1821, having survived her husband twenty-eight years and being survived eleven years by her brother. These are the only poems by another hand which Burns has honoured with a place in the Common-place Book as it now stands. Clarinda's twelve lines, "Talk not of Love—it gives me pain," which were sent to him on January 3, 1788, may, however, have found a place there. In acknowledging them Sylvander writes—

"Your last verses have so delighted me that I have copied them in among some of my own most valued pieces which I keep sacred for my own use."

They may have been followed by the fourth stanza added by himself in his

letter after the new year, 1788, and varied as he there suggests. They are given to the tune "Banks of Spey," in Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, substantially as Burns altered them. The date in the Common-place Book immediately preceding the gap, pp. 23-26 is Dec. 23, 1788.

Mrs. Hunter was an intimate friend of Dr. Gregory, whose criticisms on Burns's poem on the Wounded Hare are given with great approval in Currie's edition, and Gregory sent him two poems by Mrs. Hunter—no doubt these two—as models for the correction of his style. Dr. Gregory's letter is so charming a specimen of the self-complaisant criticism with which the Edinburgh *literati* occasionally favoured Burns that I print it entire with the poem on the Wounded Hare as Burns sent it to Gregory and as it was altered by him after he had enjoyed the advantage of his Mentor's 'most rigorous criticisms.' It is difficult to know which to admire most, the intrepidity of Gregory or the modesty with which Burns deferred in part to a judgment incomparably inferior to his own. There is no wonder that he should have said to Mr. Ramsay of Ochertyre,

"Sir, these gentlemen (the Edinburgh *literati*) remind me of some spinsters in my country who spin their thread so fine that it is neither fit for weft nor woof."

He tells Gavin Hamilton (March 8, 1787):—

"My two songs on Miss W. Alexander ('The Lass o' Ballochmyle') and Miss Peggy Kennedy" ('Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass,' published by the obstinate poet immediately afterwards in *Johnson's Museum*, 1787—the preface to which is dated May 22nd—were likewise tried yesterday by a jury of *literati*, and found defamatory libels against the fastidious powers of Poesy and Taste: and the author forbidden to print them under pain of forfeiture of character. I cannot help almost shedding a tear to the memory of two songs that had cost me some pains and that I valued a good deal, but I must submit.

"My poor unfortunate songs come again across my memory, d—n the pedant, frigid soul of criticism for ever and ever."

No. 236.—VOL. XL.

Gregory was probably present, and foreman of the jury.

I print the amended poem on a Wounded Hare out of its place, as it is naturally connected with Mrs. Hunter's verses. Two pages of the Common-place Book intervene between them.

Burns sent the first draft of the Wounded Hare to Mr. Cunningham in the following letter:—

"ELLISLAND, 4th May, 1789.

"I have just put the last hand to a little poem, which I think will be something to your taste. One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came crippling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones. Indeed there is something in that business of destroying for our sport individuals in the animal creation that do not injure us materially, which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue.

On seeing a Fellow wound a Hare with a Shot
April 1789.

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
May never pity sooth thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live poor wanderer of the wood and field
The bitter little that of life remains
No more the thickening brakes or verdant
plains

To thee a home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek mangled innocent, some wonted form
That wonted form, alas! thy dying bed,
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy
head
The cold earth with thy blood-stained bosom
warm.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe:
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side
Ah! helpless nurslings who will now
provide

That life a mother only can bestow?

Oft as by winding Nith, I musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the worthless wretch, and mourn
thy hapless fate.

"Let me know how you like my poem. I am doubtful whether it would not be an improvement to keep out the last stanza but one altogether."

Dr. James G. Gregory, who was
Professor of the Practice of Medicine

K

in the University, was probably about this time brooding over the two volumes of Philosophical and Literary Essays which he published in 1792. In his Epistle to Creech Burns speaks of 'worthy Gregory's Latin face.' Gregory had presented him with a translation of the select orations of Cicero on April 23rd, 1787, which Burns received with hearty gratitude. The choice of the present probably indicates the obvious pedagogic instinct which tempted Hoy punningly to nickname Willie Nicol, Burns's schoolmaster fellow-traveller in the North, *Dick Latine*. Gregory, who was at this time a man of thirty-six—six years older than Burns—and of the best professorial blood in Scotland, sent his correspondent the following criticism:—

"EDINB., June 2, 1789.

"DEAR SIR,

"I take the first leisure hour I could command, to thank you for your letter, and the copy of verses inclosed in it. As there is real poetic merit, I mean both fancy and tenderness, and some happy expressions in them, I think they well deserve that you should revise them carefully, and polish them to the utmost. This, I am sure, you can do if you please, for you have great command both of expression and of rhymes; and you may judge from the two last pieces of Mrs. Hunter's poetry, that I gave you, how much correctness and high polish enhance the value of such compositions. As you desire it, I shall with great freedom give you my *most rigorous* criticisms on your verses. I wish you would give me another edition of them, much amended, and I will send it to Mrs. Hunter, who I am sure will have much pleasure in reading it. Pray give me likewise for myself, and her too, a copy (as much amended as you please) of the 'Water Fowl on Loch Turit.'

"The 'Wounded Hare' is a pretty good subject; but the measure or stanza you have chosen for it is not a good one: it does not *flow* well; and the rhyme of the fourth line is almost lost by its distance from the first; and the two interposed, close rhymes. If I were you, I would put it into a different stanza yet.

"Stanza 1. The execrations in the first two lines are too strong or coarse; but they may pass. 'Murder-aiming' is a bad compound epithet, and not very intelligible. 'Blood-stained,' in stanza iii. line 4, has the same fault; *bleeding* bosom is infinitely better. You have accustomed yourself to such epithets, and have no notion how stiff and quaint they appear to others, and how incongruous

with poetic fancy and tender sentiments. Suppose Pope had written, 'Why that blood-stained bosom gored,' how would you have liked it? *Form* is neither a poetic, nor a dignified, nor a plain, common word: it is a mere sportsman's word: unsuitable to pathetic or serious poetry.

"'Mangled' is a coarse word. 'Innocent' in this sense is a nursery word; but both may pass.

"Stanza 4. 'Who will now provide that life a mother only can bestow,' will not do at all: it is not grammar—it is not intelligible. Do you mean 'provide for that life which the mother had bestowed and used to provide for?'

"There was a ridiculous slip of the pen, 'Feeling' (I suppose) for 'Fellow,' in the title of your copy of verses; but even fellow would be wrong: it is but a colloquial and vulgar word, unsuitable to your sentiments. 'Shot' is improper too. On seeing a *person* (or a sportsman) wound a hare; it is needless to add with what weapon: but, if you think otherwise, you should say, *with a foaming piece.*"

It must have been delightful to Dr. Currie to see Burns lectured in this peremptory fashion, and even more gratifying when he meekly kissed the rod.

"It must be admitted that this criticism is not more distinguished by its good sense than by its freedom from ceremony. It is impossible not to smile at the manner in which the poet may be supposed to have received it. In fact it appears, as the sailors say, to have taken him quite *aback*. In a letter which he wrote soon after, he says, 'Dr. G—— is a good man, but he crucifies me.' And again—'I believe in the iron justice of Dr. G——, but like the devils I believe and tremble.' However he profited by these criticisms, as the reader will find, by comparing this first edition of the poem with that published vol. iii. p. 337."

It is amusing now to see this couple of innocent and self-satisfied scholars lifting up their heels against Burns. Gregory certainly induced him to alter one of the most touching of his poems for the worse.

I now give the corrected version from the Common-place Book.

Page 35:

On seeing a fellow wound a hare—Spring—89.

Printed Vol. 3, p. 337.

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never Pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever Pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains :

No more the thickening brakes [&] verdant
plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime
yield.—

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted
rest,

No more of rest, but now thy dying bed ;
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy
head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.—

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its throes
woe,

^{playful}
The helpless Pair espy thee o'er the plain ;
Ah hapless helpless nurslings ! who will now
sustain

Your little lives, or shield you from the foe !

Of as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,

And curse the ruffian's-art, and mourn thy
^{aim}
hapless fate.—

This version is only a first modification, for Burns published the poem still further altered in 1793. The variations between that edition (I quote from the reprint in 1797) and the version just given from the Common-place Book, where it was not inserted till after August 10, 1789 (letter to Graham of Fintry, p. 33), are as follows :—

The title is ON SEEING A WOUNDED
HARE LIMP BY ME WHICH A FELLOW HAD
JUST SHOT AT. In the fourth line
there is 'Nor never' for 'nor ever.'
The second and third stanzas are the
same. The fourth stanza in the
Common-place Book is omitted, so
that Burns reverted to the idea he
expressed in his letter to Cunningham
before hearing from Gregory. The
fifth stanza is unaltered.

This is how Burns modifies the
poem in deference to the 'iron justice'
of his academical critic. In the first
place he retains the offensive 'fellow'
instead of *a person* (or a sportsman)
in the title, both in the Common-place
Book and in the edition of 1793.
In the former he omits 'with a shot,'
but declines the elegant alternative
suggestion of 'with a fowling-piece.'

In the fourth stanza, left out in 1793,
he corrects the passage 'which will
not do at all.' He pays no attention
whatever to the remarkable suggestion
'If I were you, I would put it in a
different stanza yet.' He leaves 'the
execrations in the first two lines'
which are 'too strong or coarse, but
they may pass' just as they stand, and
retains 'the bad compound epithet
and not very intelligible,' 'murder-
aiming.' He makes two trifling
alterations not suggested by Gregory
in the second stanza. He changes
'blood-stained' another 'bad com-
pound epithet' not into 'bleeding'
but into 'bloody,' in deference prob-
ably to Gregory's appeal to the
authority of Pope. 'Innocent,' 'a
nursery word in this sense,' is replaced,
for the worse in my judgment, by
'wretch,' but Burns takes advantage
of his learned correspondent's obliging
remark that 'mangled,' though 'a
coarse word,' may pass. In deference
to his critic who was probably not
aware that the authority of Chaucer
and of Drayton could have been
quoted for what 'is neither a poetic,
nor a dignified, nor a plain common
word,' Burns recasts the whole of
the third stanza, so that we lose the
pathetic contrast 'The cold earth with
thy blood-stained bosom warm,' and
the colourless 'some place of wonted
rest' replaces the suggestive 'some
wonted form.' This is all the advan-
tage we have gained from Burns's
patronising critic. It is enough to
make one's blood boil to have 'worthy
Gregory with his Latin face' inform-
ing Burns that there is 'real poetic
merit, I mean both fancy and tender-
ness and some happy expressions in
them,' and telling the too probably
wilful poet to 'revise them carefully,
and polish them to the utmost. This
I am sure you can do if you please,
for you have great command both of
expression and of rhymes.' Probably
many of the Edinburgh literati would
have told Burns that 'you may judge
from the two last pieces of Mrs.
Hunter's poetry that I gave you, how

much correctness and high polish enhance the value of such compositions.'

Gregory's last 'swashing blow' is to request 'that you would give me another edition of them, much amended, and I will send it to Mrs. Hunter, who, I am sure, will have much pleasure in reading it. Pray give me likewise for myself and her too, a copy (as much amended as you please) of the "Water Fowl on Loch Turit."' 'I will frown as I pass by,' says his famous namesake who objected to 'colliers,' 'and let men take it as they list.' 'You have accustomed yourself to such epistles, and have no notion how stiff and quaint they appear to others, and how incongruous with poetic fancy and tender sentiment.' Poor Burns! He meekly copies out, among some of 'my own most valued pieces which I keep sacred for my own use,' Mrs. Dr.

Hunter's not inelegant lines to keep himself constantly in mind 'how much correctness and high polish enhance the value of such compositions.'

WILLIAM JACK.

NOTE.—In my article in the April number I referred to a statement made by the President of the Irvine Burns Club that emendations in the paraphrases of the Church of Scotland, which have been adopted in the edition now in use, were found in a MS. copy of the paraphrases in Burns's handwriting. On further inquiry I find that the MS. volume is the same which was described in the *Free Church Magazine* of May, 1847, where a *fac-simile* is given of a page containing the handwriting supposed to be Burns's. I have compared it carefully with the MSS. of the Common-place Book, and I have no hesitation in saying that the handwriting is not Burns's, and that the resemblances between the two are only superficial. In the July number the writer of the article in the *Free Church Magazine* expressed himself as satisfied on the point.

To be concluded in next number.

THE YOUNG WOMEN IN OUR WORKHOUSES.

THOSE of us who have ever entered a workhouse will not easily forget some of the sad impressions then made upon the mind. We remember the large, dreary wards—

“The walls so blank,
That my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there”—

the cleanliness which is oppressive, the order which tells of control in every detail. But gloomy as these are they are but the necessary surroundings of many of the people who come to end their days amid them. On their faces is written failure, having been proved useless to the world, they are cast away out of sight, and too often out of mind, on to this sad rubbish-heap of humanity.

A closer inspection of this rubbish-heap, however, shows that it is not all worthless. Besides the many whom dissolute, improvident, or vicious courses bring to the workhouse, there are some who are more sinned against than sinful; some who are merely unfortunate, and who by a little wise help wisely given may become useful members of society.

It is of the young, single women that I would specially speak. Those whom one finds in the workhouse are usually there for one of three reasons. First, in order to seek shelter when about to become mothers; secondly, because they are driven thither by the evil results of profligacy; thirdly, because having failed in life they choose to enter there rather than to sin or to starve. It is of the first and third classes that I now write, for the second class is being dealt with, if not efficiently, at least earnestly, by many societies founded for that purpose.

From June, 1877, to June, 1878, in the seven unions of East London alone, there have been no less than 253 young girl mothers who have entered the infirmaries.

Some enter a few months before their confinement, driven to that inhospitable shelter from the sense of the value of their remaining character. And here a word about the neglect of any proper method of classification. There should be in all our workhouses accommodation which would allow of the separation of characters among classes; and power and encouragement should be given to the master and matron to carry this plan into effectual working. In one instance the authorities have so felt the need of such classification that in planning their new workhouse they arranged a little house, somewhat apart from the parent building. By some such means the more respectable of the young women might be placed under the supervision of one of the staff, so that the time which necessarily elapses before they can be again sent out, should be to them a time of instruction in what is good and desirable, instead of, as it now too often is, a time when they are corrupted by the evil influence of those worse than themselves.

But these 253—what becomes of them? On their recovery they cannot remain in the infirmary, and must be sent to the able-bodied house, there to live on prison fare, and to associate with the criminal and wilfully idle. Rather than do this many of them prefer to go out, taking their three-weeks-old babe with them, resolved to “get on” as best they can. That “best” is often the “worst.” With her character gone, with two mouths to feed instead of one, and with the loss of self-respect rapidly following the loss of the respect of others, the unfortunate mother falls into hopeless vice; or, perhaps, the giant temptation presents itself of sacrificing the little wailing life which stands between her and respectability. Unhelped, unencouraged as they are, who can

wonder that such mothers, so sorely tried, sometimes fall, and that the crime of infanticide is horribly rife?

But frequent as such results are, the end is not always thus tragic; the ruined girl often returns to her father's house and to the same conditions of life as before she fell. But this course, though not so apparently bad, is yet often very harmful. Her presence familiarises the younger members with vice, an unadvisable familiarity; for vice, while it gains much attractive power, gains also more deterrent force by its mystery in the minds of the young.

Sometimes the unwedded mother, on leaving the workhouse, honestly tries to get work at sack-making, factory-work, anything which will enable her to keep her little one near her; but it is a hard, an almost impossible task. The care of the child impedes the work, and thus it has to be put out to daily nurse. The ignorance, if not the apathy of its badly-paid nurse, and the unsuitability of its food, too often combine to extinguish the little flame which was burning to guide its mother back to virtue by the paths of love and self-control.

These, briefly, are some of the present evils which beset the lives of the young women who become mothers in our workhouses.

It was to cure some of such evils that a few ladies associated themselves together in the spring of 1876. We bound ourselves by no rules or by-laws, for the work is one which is entirely of an individual nature. Strong personal influence is brought to bear on each applicant, with a distinct and definite object in view, suggested by the character of the woman and the circumstances of the case. There have been, unfortunately, changes in our workers, but we have continued to visit, with fair regularity, both the infirmary and able-bodied house of our Union. When work is necessarily left so largely to individual initiative, depending on the character of the worker, each lady must, naturally, adopt her own method of doing

it. Some feel that they can do more *for* the girls in changing the circumstances of their lives, while others can do more *with* them by arousing their dormant moral natures and filling them with enthusiasm for good. But all ways of doing the work are needed, the more diverse the means, the larger the number of women likely to be reached. The very diversity of the means makes it difficult, however, to write about the work as it is done by all the co-operators. It is, therefore, well that I should speak only of my own experiences, and should tell of my own plan, which is simple.

I visit about once a week, and see alone in a room, which the Matron kindly lends me, each girl who has expressed a wish to see me and to lead a good life. I talk to her, find out carefully her antecedents, and send her statements to the Charity Organisation Society to be verified. I try to learn something of her character, of the ideal she has of her own life, of the plans she has made for the future, of the kind and manner of good which appears to her most attractive and desirable. On receipt of the Report of the Charity Organisation Society, I deal with each girl in accordance with her past life, placing her who has suffered from the allurements and excitements of the town, in the country, where the monotony and peace will protect her from herself; inducing her who has for long lived a lawless and undisciplined life to enter a Home or Refuge, where order and control will teach her the unlearned lessons; getting her for whom drink has been too strong, a situation with a teetotal family, who will help her by example as well as principle. For the woman whose maternal feeling wants frequent contact with her child to invigorate it, I get a place where the mistress, knowing all, will allow her servant often to see the little one; for the mother whose sense of shame is stronger than her love for the child, I find a place far removed from the caretaker of her baby, trusting that the money, which she weekly sends for it,

will keep in remembrance the sin of which she has been guilty and the innocent result of it.

It is a common idea that the only way of helping women sunk so low as these is to send them to Homes. This idea I would like to modify. Homes are very valuable in giving girls the opportunities of re-earning a character when, as they themselves say, they have "no one to speak for them." Still in all these cases where the fault which brought them to the workhouse (serious as it may be) has not undermined the whole character, it is, I think, better to send them at once to service. In their mistresses' houses they are, unconsciously, guarded from the grosser temptations which lone girls have to meet, being guided by influence rather than rule. The regular, if at times too hard, work of service demanded by the varying interests and needs of a family, is the greatest help to a healthy tone of mind. In a good home they see family life in all its beauty, they see the common-place virtues in a beautiful and attractive setting, and the kindliness which is engendered between the served and the server helps the poor stumbling soul along the path of duty over many a rough and difficult place. "Oh! ma'am," as a girl said to me the other day, "the missus's baby is such a dear; he do make me forget such a lot;" a forgetfulness which was in her case the first necessary step towards a fairer future.

I make it my rule to tell every circumstance, however trivial, to the mistress, so that she can become in her turn the guardian of her servant against the besetting sin; and all honour be to those many ladies who have so generously come forward to take these girls into their own homes, sometimes giving them more wages than their services warranted, often helping them with clothes both for themselves and their children, and giving them too that priceless sympathy which outweighs every other gift. Such help saves more pain, and makes more righteousness than big,

barren subscriptions to far-off institutions, for

"The gift without the giver is bare."

If the girl has been a servant before she can obtain 15*l.* or 16*l.* a year; out of this she can pay 4*s.* or 4*s.* 6*d.* a week, and I assist her by paying 1*s.* or 6*d.* a week towards her baby's support. If the girl has never been a servant it is necessary that she should enter service at a much lower wage. I then pay more, taking as a rough estimate that she should pay two-thirds of her money, whatever it is.

My small payment has many advantages; it enables the mother to disassociate herself from her past corrupting association; it assists me to keep up constant communication with her, whereby I am enabled to advise about her future, her change of place, her friends; and it also enables me to keep a watchful eye on the little one. Its nurse coming weekly to receive the money from me, I can learn of its progress, can see if it is well cared for, and can by my interest encourage the nurse to do her best. As a rule the care-takers become very fond of their little charges. In one instance the mother having, alas! again returned to evil ways, the nurse continued to keep the baby without payment, jealously guarding him against his mother, "who might harm him when in drink." Another woman came to ask me for a nurse-child because, she said, she had had fourteen children of her own, and now that they were all out in the world, "her old man said it was so lonesome like." It is important, too, to choose the nurse carefully, for she has frequently a great influence on the mother, who will naturally be more inclined to listen to the wise words of one who is "good to her baby," than to any mere well-wisher. The mother thus gains a respectable friend of her own class, in many cases the first she has ever known. In one instance the nurse did what we had all failed to do. The mother was one of those people to whom pleasure is as necessary as

food and air. Among happier surroundings her sense of fun and capacity for enjoyment would have been a source of brightness, and rendered her a general favourite. For those in her sphere of life joy is an element considered unnecessary, and thus is an unprovided luxury. She had no desire to do wrong nor to offend, but pleasure she must have, and it not being to be obtained innocently, she took it lawlessly. Such conduct mistresses rightly would not allow, and she reached the workhouse when her boy was about three years old. I could find no trace of affection for the child, nor any feeling beyond a sense of irritation at its helplessness, and a desire to get it "into a home," and so be rid of the attendant responsibility. This last idea I refused to entertain, for I felt that responsibility would be her schoolmaster, and that if wisely arranged her child could lead her up "the difficult blue heights."

She was a thorough general servant; hence there was little difficulty in getting her into a place. A home for the boy was found, with a most demonstrative and affectionate nurse, who rarely spoke of him except as a "pretty lamb," and who loudly and frequently called on all to admire him. Little by little this influenced the young mother, who began to be interested in the much-talked-of and cared-for baby. The deducted wages were more cheerfully rendered for its support, and as love obtained admittance to her heart, and all the many cares which accompany a child brought interest into her life, there became less need for the outside pleasures. The craving for enjoyment found satisfaction in giving joys to the baby boy.

It would be easy to give many instances of the successes of this work, but one or two will suffice. Jane, a motherless girl of sixteen, brought up in a rough, low-class home, and sent to earn her bread before she could well distinguish good from evil, what wonder that she came into the only asylum open to her, harmed by the first man who had ever shown her a kindness?

She appeared indifferent to her fate, but she showed such passionate and self-giving devotion to the child, that I hoped the mother's character would be awakened by her feelings. I accordingly placed them in a house where they could be together; the child soon died, and Jane having greatly improved, I sent her to a situation, where she is doing well, and has got again some of the brightness of youth.

Emma, a woman of twenty-six, had for some years lived abroad with a man who promised her "English marriage," but who, on reaching England, basely deserted her. Characterless and unknown as she was, she tried in vain to get work to support herself and child; and at last, half dead with privation, she entered the "House." She had not a reference to give, nor a friend to apply to, but she did so thoroughly and well the work which the Matron gave her, and so earnestly pleaded to have a trial, that, trusting in my opinion of her sincerity, a good woman in the country took her as servant; who now, after two years of trial, writes to ask me to send her other servants, "as good as Emma." Her boy is placed in a village a few miles off, and all the holidays, most of the money, and many of the spare moments, are given to him, in whom is treasured the one bright memory of her dreary past.

But of each girl that I help, I could not tell such pleasant stories. There are many failures—Women, whose resolution deserts them before the old temptations, whose promises are as lightly broken as they were earnestly made. Girls, whose ill companions offer them bright, if lawless lives, and who leave the new hard ways for the well-known aimless, careless life.

But, in spite of many failures, we hopefully continue our work, in the belief (a belief founded on experience) that the idle can be induced to work and learn through her daily labour the gospel which work teaches; that the coarse-minded can yet see the

beauty of holiness if it is shown her greatly and plainly; that the ignorant can yet be taught if patience be given; that the careless may yet be circum-spect if cared for. We persevere, conscious that failures and disappointments are inevitable when the aim is not to make a temporary improvement, but to raise the ideas and radically change the habits of a class to help whom there has hitherto been so little effort made.

But there is yet the third class of girls who have been cast by the wave of misfortune into the workhouse. These are not touched by the societies for befriending young servants, for many have never been servants, and some have started on their career before the societies were formed. Some come in because their parents break up their homes and altogether "enter the House." In such a plight was poor Martha, a sickly girl of eighteen, too crippled to be fit for manual work. Her father was dead; her mother was so drunken that the workhouse was for her the only resort, and thither she came bringing her children with her and among them the poor weak Martha. The other children were sent to the district schools, but the cripple was too old to go there. There was nothing for her but to drag on a loveless, cheerless life, and make her home in that unhomely place. She was a bright willing lassie, but her labour, such as it was, was not needed there, where she was but one of the many useless ones who help to give trouble and swell the rates. I found her deft with her fingers, and capable, if not of entirely supporting herself, still of adding wealth to the world by her work. I soon found for her a home, where they were willing to teach her straw-basket work, and on drawing the attention of the guardians to her case, they at once consented to pay for the training. We occasionally see her. She has been taught to read and write, and to make bonnets and baskets quickly and well. She is very happy, and though sighing when speaking of the workhouse, she adds in the same

breath, "the Matron was real good to me there."

Some seek the workhouse because, alone in the world, and having lost their places, they know not where else to go. Some having drifted there more than once arouse the contempt and antagonism of the officers; and these, unloving and indifferent because unloved, lose all hope and interest, and grow stubborn and hard. With these girls my plan is to become their friend, and awaken their interest in life. One girl was sent to me, not yet twenty-one, who had passed through innumerable situations, who had been for six years in and out of the House continually, and who had once been sent to prison for a breach of the necessary discipline. She was pronounced "incorrigible" by the authorities. I confess to having felt powerless to work her reformation when I saw her. Her stubborn set face, her downcast dull eyes, her stolid refusal to speak in reply to whatever I said, her apathy on all subjects, made me feel that I had not a chance of touching her. I tried all ways, but at last aroused her by asking her to do something for me. The God-born sense of helpfulness in her awoke her sleeping soul. She felt she cared for the one person in all the world whom she had ever helped, and that affection has been her "saving grace." She is now earning 12*l.* a year, more, as she says, than she had "earned in two years afore," and her face, manners, and character are rapidly improving. She comes to me to help her to choose her new clothes, and I could not be but satisfactorily amused when the "incorrigible" pauper insisted on having a "high art" coloured dress, declaring that none of the others I suggested were "half so pretty." I could tell many such stories, many beginning brightly and ending sadly, some turning out better than their commencement would have justified us in hoping. I could tell of one poor child who, motherless, and worse than fatherless, after a short training in a Home, is now in service, and paying

towards the support of her younger sister. Of another, whose awakened conscience made her hesitate for long as to her right to be confirmed because of the sin ignorantly committed which brought her to the rates. I could tell of women, rough and untutored, who have joyfully taken the hard, self-restraining path which leads to righteousness, and who, having once been given great ideals, receive them as new truths, and patiently (pathetically so among their rude surroundings) endeavour to live up to them.

I think, though, I have said enough to induce other ladies to adopt the work. Taking the figures of the last two years' work at one workhouse, we have seen 141 women. Of these we have sent out, to service or to work, ninety-five; and out of these only five have again returned to the workhouse. Of many we have lost sight, which is not to be wondered at when the ignorance of the women of this class is considered. A letter is to them a thing to be much pondered, but rarely attempted. Some, after long silences, reappear to ask advice in some temporary difficulty, or to tell of progress made. Many remain close friends, coming to see me on every holiday, or writing long and affectionate letters. One wrote the other day thanking me for having "altered her position in the world for one of more sterling worth." Her future did look gloomy when first I became acquainted with her. She was the daughter of a sea-side lodging-house keeper, brought up in a cheap (and nasty!) boarding-school, was sent to London, with many false ideas about work, and some true ones about wickedness, to earn her living in any "genteel" employment. Her superficial education did not help her, and she came down lower and lower, till at last, finding herself in a lodging-house of doubtful reputation, she rightly chose the workhouse in preference to remaining there. Her widowed mother, unable to keep her, and fearful that her frivolities would influence badly her younger sisters, refused to receive her home. Her fine

ladyism and ignorance of any sort of household work were an effectual barrier to her taking service, while her sorry education prevented her even trying to teach. Service seemed to be the best opening for her, and the life best calculated to keep her straight. With some difficulty I persuaded her to look at it in this light, and then induced her to enter a servants' training home. She has earned good testimonials there, and is now a happy and useful servant.

The work is in itself simple, and yet has issues important not only to the individuals helped, but to the community at large, for it tends to lessen pauperism, prostitution, and infanticide. It would be well if every lady of England were to consider if she cannot take part in it. If she is not herself able to visit the workhouse, she can, perhaps, open her house and heart to one of these girls who so sadly need such protection and care. Or, if that be impossible, each might undertake to befriend one of them.

Around every workhouse, a committee of ladies might be formed. The meetings need not, perhaps, be formal nor frequent, but merely friendly gatherings to compare experience, and to discuss reports of the work done. The visiting of the workhouse is, perhaps, for reasons which will be appreciated by those who are familiar with official establishment, better left to two or three of the members, who, after seeing the girls and learning their histories, should pass one or more to each member of the committee to provide for. Every lady can be a member of such a committee. Every woman can befriend another, and perhaps may be the more moved to do so when she who needs the help is a girl no older than her own daughter in the schoolroom. There are few who cannot help the work of such committees by contributing 1s. a week for the helping of one little baby. Every one can spare a little of that loving care, can give a little of that all-saving friendship which so lavishly surrounds the life of most of us.

The work, too, is one which married ladies with homes, families, and social duties, can easily take up. Women in this position are debarred from much work for the poor, because their natural and thus more sacred, duties forbid them to run risks of infection, or to take up work which would necessitate the devoting of a regular, fixed day. But from both these disadvantages the work now under consideration is quite free. In the workhouse, the visitor is safe from infection; the visits can be made at any time, for the women are always there, and there is always somebody waiting to be helped whenever one can go. It is, of course, better to fix the day if possible so that those girls who have been seen once should be able to anticipate the second visit; but this is not at all essential. Frequently the duties of a mother or mistress do not permit her to be long absent from home. This work, excepting the periodical visit to the workhouse, can be done almost entirely from the writing-table in one's own house. It necessitates a good deal of correspondence in order to insure obtaining suitable situations and respectable nurses; but it requires comparatively little absence from home, for when the girl is once placed, the friendly connection can best be established and kept up in the lady's own house. There she can receive her otherwise friendless visitor, there she can strengthen the gentle bonds already begun in the House. There she can show to the homeless one some of the possibilities of home, and by such simple natural acts sow seed which will bring forth much good and happiness.

It is entirely a homely and personal work done in the home and in the interests of the individual and of the family; one full of elements of difficulty and frequently of disappointment and failure. It requires no costly machinery: wherever there is one

woman who cares for other women; wherever there is a home full of the joys of family life; wherever two or three can meet together in common work, there is all the force that is required. If in every union and all its parishes, or even in many unions and some of their parishes, those who think that the work which has been done by a few working together is a useful one, will take up their part of the burden as it lies near their door, the work may grow. If it grow naturally and by no enforced development, its results may be larger than yet can be foreseen. New thought may develop new plans, wider interest may bring wider change. Our workhouses may become the means of restoring to joy and self-respect many who now leave these walls sad and degraded. Society may be strengthened by the new link between the envied rich and the unknown pauper; a link of unassailable strength, being formed of love and service. And if none of these things come to pass, the effort must still be good which rouses into action a part of that family life which in its rest is so beautiful.

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

[It is gratifying to find that the excellent work described in the foregoing pages is appreciated as it deserves. The Board of Guardians of the Whitechapel Union passed the following Resolution at their meeting of December 17th, 1878 :—

That the best thanks of this Board be given to Mrs. Barnett and the ladies associated with her for the invaluable service rendered to the Union and the Community in the rescue of pauper women from a life of dependence and, oftentimes, degradation, and in assisting them to regain positions of independence and respectability, as also for the excellent Report now submitted and read, and that this Board do further express to Mrs. Barnett and her co-workers their grateful appreciation of the noble work in which they are engaged.

—EDITOR.]

SKETCHES FROM EASTERN SICILY.

V.—OUTER SYRACUSE.

WE have already marked the great feature in the historical topography of Syracuse, namely that the newest city has shrunk up again within the oldest boundaries. So, we have also remarked, is the case at Akragas. The modern Girgenti occupies the akropolis only, as the modern Syracuse occupies that which at Syracuse historically answers to an akropolis, the island of Ortygia. But there is a difference in feeling in the two cases, a difference which perhaps arises from the difference between an akropolis and an island. In looking up from Ortygia, we cannot so readily take in the whole of the outer Syracuse as we can take in the whole of the outer Akragas in looking down from modern Girgenti. At Girgenti we are better able to take in at a glance that the whole once really was one city, a lesson which at Syracuse we know beforehand from the map, but which it takes some time practically to grasp. The remains of Akragas too come nearer to being scattered over the whole of the once inhabited area, and from the smaller size of that area they stand within nearer reach of one another. But at Syracuse the distant points have to be reached either by a walk passing over the hill or by a drive skirting its base, a walk or drive so long that it is easy to forget for a moment that we are crossing what once were the streets, or following what once was the wall, of a single continuous city. From the castle of Maniakés, or indeed from any point within the island, to the fort of Euryalos, is truly a journey. When we reach the goal of the journey, we feel more thoroughly in another world than we do at any point of the area of Akragas, nay even at any point within the walls

of Rome. Many points within the walls of Rome are desolate enough, and are thoroughly cut off from the inhabited parts of the city. But there is the presence of the existing walls to bind them all together. At no point within the circuit of Aurelian do we ever forget that we are in Rome. But it is something like a trial of faith to believe that Euryalos ever was part of the Syracusan city. It might, it strikes us at the first distant glance, have been an outpost of the Syracusan territory; it is surely too far off to have ever become part of the defences of the city itself. And this fancy may perhaps be strengthened by the impression which is for ever made on our minds by that particular piece of Syracusan history with which most of us are most familiar. The Syracuse which was besieged by Nikias was in an intermediate stage between the Syracuse of Archias and the Syracuse of the second Hierôn. The Euryalos of that day was no part of the immediate defences of the city, but a detached fort, answering, it would seem—I speak under correction from military experts—to the forts which crown the more distant heights above Verona and Ragusa. Again, there is a very distinct division between two parts of outer Syracuse, which two parts stand in two very different relations to the inner Syracuse. The chief remains of the outer city are clustered together at no great distance from one another, at no great distance from the inner city itself. The chief objects to which the traveller is carried—the theatre, the amphitheatre, the altar of Hierôn, the so-called ear of Dionysios, the quarries, the catacombs—all group more or less together, and we do not feel that they are wholly foreign to Ortygia. It is

not till we reach the lonely fort far away that we fully feel ourselves in another region. Then it does need an effort to bring to our minds the truth that we are still in Syracuse; and in making that effort, we fully take in what the greatness of Syracuse really was.

The oldest part of the outer city—for a long while distinctively the outer city—is the high ground known as Achradina, immediately overlooking the sea on two sides. It turns the corner by the headland which, in a corrupted shape, still keeps the name of the Panagia, a remembrance of the days when Syracuse had become Christian without ceasing to be Greek. This, the first Syracuse beyond the island, seems to have been originally a wholly distinct town, with its own fortifications, which did not even touch those of Ortygia. The point in dispute is whether this state of things lasted down to the Athenian siege, and whether it was the needs of warfare at that moment of danger which first caused the whole or part of the lower ground between the island and the hill to be taken within the defences of the city. That Achradina should have its own defences was not wonderful. It was in some sort the akropolis: physically at all events it was such; it may even have in some sort played the part of an akropolis during the days of the commonwealth. It was Dionysios who made Ortygia the special stronghold of despotism. It is certainly unusual for a city to enlarge itself on ground not wholly contiguous, with an undefended space left between the two parts. Such an arrangement would suggest, what otherwise there is no hint of, that Ortygia and Achradina were distinct settlements fused into one city and girded by common defences, like the hills of Rome. In such a case the fact that one of the chief parts of the city, that which was most thickly filled with public buildings, arose on the ground between the height and the island, would be exactly analogous to the Roman forum. But

there is nothing to make us think that Achradina ever was a settlement distinct from Syracuse, or that it was anything but an enlargement of the ancient island city. And it must be remembered that, as long as the island was an island, before it was artificially joined to the mainland, the conditions were not exactly the same as those of a city extending itself over an adjoining hill or plain. Where water had to be crossed, no point was absolutely contiguous, and the new settlement might be made at any point that was thought good. Still it is hard to believe that the ground between Achradina and Ortygia remained altogether unwallled till the coming of the Athenian fleet. Uninhabited it could not have remained; it must in any case have been a populous suburb. From the days of the great siege at least, it became, together with the part of the hill immediately above it—under the name of *Neapolis*, *Newtown*—an essential part of the city. The name suggests some thoughts. We think of other cities, where the newer settlement alone remains, and where the elder has ceased to be a dwelling-place of man. It is so in a crowd of cities, among which we may fairly count Athens and Rome. The Akropolis and the Palatine are museums of antiquity, not habitations of men. Corinth has come down from her height, and has now wandered altogether away to the shore. Modern Corfu stands on another peninsula from ancient Korkyra, as distinct as New Salisbury in the plain from Old Salisbury on the hill. But at Syracuse we may rather think of another Neapolis, one with which Syracuse and all Sicily have sometimes had more to do than they have wished, that Campanian Neapolis on the shore which supplanted the elder Parthenopé on the height. There the new city rose to greatness, while the elder city—the *Palaipolis*—vanished out of sight and out of mind, perhaps to come again into being in our own time as a scattered suburb of the new. Naples,

prize of Belisarius and Roger, lines the shore of her bay, while modern villas are covering the site of the true Parthenopé above. But at Syracuse old and new mean the same thing; the old abides; it is the intermediate state of things which passes away. The Newtown of Syracuse, forsaken save for a scattered dwelling here and there, remains thick set with the remains of later Syracusan and of Roman antiquity. Here some monument or other of the great days of Syracuse presses on our sight at every moment. On Achradina we have to look even for antiquities; sites of walls, houses, streets may be traced; but the great buildings lie below. It is for the botanist to say whether the tree, the wild pear, if I mistake not, from which the quarter takes its name, is still to be found there. The pear of Achradina may make us think of the hoar apple-tree of our own Senlac. And Achradina is now as desolate as Senlac could have been before the abbey of the Battle rose on its height. So is Tycha; so are all the newer parts of the city of great cities. It is in the primitive settlement of the first colonists that the life of Syracuse has never ceased.

The ancient remains which cluster under the slope of Neapolis are a wonderful group, and a group which brings up vividly before our minds some of the main features and main contrasts in Syracusan history. No great temple survives; Athênê and Artemis in the older city, Zeus in his holy place beyond the walls and beyond the river, have outlived Héraklês and Apollôn who once held their sanctuaries here in the outer city. But two characteristic buildings are there. The Greek city could not be without its theatre; the Roman colony could not be without its amphitheatre. There still stand, near to one another, the remains of both, relics severally of the people who found their chief delight in the highest cultivation of the mind of man, and of the people who deemed no delight so

keen as to look on the bloodshed and slaughter of man and beast. We have seen both theatre and amphitheatre at Catania; but at Catania the two buildings, half hidden among the modern houses, do not stand forth to proclaim the contrast. Here at Syracuse, as we see the remains of the two, standing alike useless in the forsaken Neapolis, the sky spreading over both and each within sight from the other, the contrast is forced upon the mind in a special way. We stand in the theatre, the Great Harbour and the lower city at our feet. We remember that comedy was a native growth of Sicily; we remember that Æschylus visited the island, to enrich his Attic tragedies with a few Sicilian forms and a few Sicilian allusions; we remember how Athenian captives were said to have won freedom and favour from Syracusan masters by repeating the verses of Euripides. And we remember how often theatres were places of political assembly as well as of dramatic shows. We throw aside for the moment all topographical questions, in the hope that, as we stand under the same sky, so we stand on the same soil where Athénagoras put forth—we cast aside the thought that it may be Thucydides speaking in his name—that definition of free government which no political thinker of any later age has ever been able to outdo. Never surely were the several functions of wealth, wisdom, and numbers in a well-ordered commonwealth better apportioned than they were by the Syracusan demagogue.¹ At all events we may believe that we here stand on the spot which beheld the stormy assemblies of the later days of Syracusan revolution, and that here it was that, on the rare

¹ φήσει τις δημοκρατίαν οὕτω ξυνετὴν οὐτ' ἴσον εἶναι, τοὺς δὲ ἔχοντας τὰ χρήματα καὶ ἀρχεῖν ἀρίστα βελτιστοῦς. ἐγὼ δὲ φημι, πρῶτα μὲν ὅμιον ξύμψαν ἀνομάσθαι, ὀλιγαρχίαν δὲ μέρος, ἔπειτα φύλακας μὲν ἀρίστους εἶναι χρημάτων τοὺς πλουσίους, βουλευσάς δ' ἂν βέλτιστος τοὺς ξυνετοὺς, κρίναι δ' ἂν ἀκούσαντας ἀρίστα τοὺς πολλοὺς, καὶ ταῦτα ὁμοίως καὶ κατὰ μέρος καὶ ξέμπαντα ἐν δημοκρατίᾳ ἰσοποιεῖν.

occasions when the voice of the deliverer was heard, the assembly rose to welcome the blind Timoleôn as a common father.¹ With such scenes before our eyes, with such associations rising to our minds, we may perhaps forget that in the days when the Syracusan theatre stood whole and perfect, the *scena* itself would shut out no small portion of the view beneath us. Yet it was not wholly shut out; the men who gathered there, whether to behold the triumphs of dramatic art or to take their share in the duties and the rights of citizens, could see enough to remind them where they were, by glimpses at least of all that was characteristic in the scenery of the Syracusan land. Far otherwise was it in the amphitheatre below. There the position and the construction of the building alike shut out all the outer objects which might attract the eyes and stir up the souls of the assembly of spectators and citizens in the theatre. But no such outer objects were needed; the sight of blood and death was joy and excitement enough. It was a sight which called for the full gaze of every eye, for the full heed of every thought, and which would have been rudely broken in upon by glimpses of the free sea or the free mountains. A contrast indeed it is; and yet the contrast must not be pressed too far. In the earliest and best days of Rome the bloody shows of the amphitheatre were no more known than they were in Greece; the love for them grew up only step by step; and at last corrupted Greece herself adopted the savage taste from her Roman masters. Corinth, the Roman colony, became the rival of Capua; and gladiators fought even in the Dionysiac theatre of free Athens. And incidental notices in later and obscurer literature of classical Greece show that in not a few Greek theatres men came to look with delight on shows alike fouler and more cruel than the ordinary fights of man

with man or of man with beast.² On the other hand humanity was never without its witnesses; if Theodoric could not get beyond an ineffectual protest, the panegyrist of Anastasios—what a change from the panegyrists of the bloody shows of Constantine—could set down among the merits of that prince that he had both cleansed the theatre of vicious spectacles, and had put an end to the sports where men found their living graves in the jaws of the wild beasts.³

The Syracusan theatre has not a few points of interest in detail, chiefly in the way of inscriptions on the seats, which preserve the names of princesses of the house of the second Hierôn. Queen Nêrêis, daughter of Pyrrhos, daughter-in-law of Hierôn, is there recorded. The name marks a stage in nomenclature, and in the feelings which influence nomenclature. One may doubt whether any woman in any purely Greek commonwealth ever bore the name of Nêrêis. But in the later days of the Molossian royal family, the boast of every member of that house was to claim pure Greek descent, descent from the blood of Achilleus. Such a name as Nêrêis fitted well in with the general nomenclature of her kinsfolk, with

² About the gladiators there is a remarkable passage in Philostratos' *Life of Apollônios* (iv. 22) where he tells how of Ἀθηναῖοι ἐνιόντες ἐς θέατρον τὸ ὑπὸ τῇ ἀκροπόλει προσέειπον σφαγαῖς ἀνθρώπων καὶ ἐσπονδά(ε)το ταῦτα ἑκεί μᾶλλον ἢ ἐν Κορίνθῳ νῦν. On the other branch of the subject, it may be enough to refer to the well known story in Apuleius, *Metam.* x. 30 et seqq. Pseudo-Lucian, *Lucius*, 52. The practice of putting people to death in theatres which is implied in the romance seems not to have been uncommon.

³ See the Panegyric of Procopius of Gaza (15, 16, p. 506 of the Bonn volume which begins with Dexippos). On one of the heads of Anastasios' reform the witness of the other Procopius shows that something might still have been done at a later time. But the words about the *Venationes* are remarkable. ἄνδρες δυστυχεῖς ἐν μέσῳ δήμῳ παρεδίδοντο τοῖς θηρίοις, θιατὰς ἔχοντες τοὺς τὸ συγγενεῖς τῆς φύσεως κερκτημίνοις καὶ ἡδιδότις τις οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως ἀνὴρ ἀνδρα διασπόμενον θεωρῶν καὶ μηδὲ γῆ το σῶμα κρυπτόμενον, ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἀντὶ τάφου τὰς τῶν θηρίων κληροῦντα γαστέρας.

¹ See the description in Plutarch (*Timoleôn* 38, 39) how he was ἐν ταυτῇ γηροστροφούμενος τιμῇ μετ' εὐνομίας, ὥσπερ πατὴρ κοινός.

the unfortunate Dêidameia and with Pyrrhos himself. For a mortal king to have called his daughter Thetis might have been too daring—even Philê Aphroditê kept her mortal name along with her immortal surname. Nêrêis did just as well to set forth that the kings of Epeiros came of the stock of the daughter of the ancient sea-god. Queen Nêrêis, and Queen Philistis, Hierôn's wife, whose name is graven on another stone, may be our guides to the strange monument below, between the theatre and the amphitheatre, which boasts itself to be the great altar reared by the father-in-law and husband of the two queens. There was at Syracuse a vast altar of Hierôn's making, and it stood near the theatre; Diodôros witnesses that much;¹ it is hard therefore to withstand the inference that this vast platform really is the place where the Syracusan city offered its hecatombs. We are so used to the little Roman altars of incense that we are startled at the notion of an altar about as long as Saint Alban's abbey. Yet there is the description, and there is the object which answers to it; there seems then to be little room for scepticism. Such an altar as this brings strongly home to the mind a feature in heathen, as in old Jewish, worship which we are apt to forget, but which Dean Stanley somewhere forcibly enlarges on. We see the temples of pagan times, forsaken or put to some other use, and we conjure up nothing but what is graceful and beautiful as surrounding them. We do not remember—till perhaps certain channels on the Athenian akropolis remind us—that every temple area was in truth a slaughter-house, and that when Syracusan devotion came before its gods with thousands of bulls or with ten thousands of rams, it must have needed a good deal of zeal to get over some inborn physical

repugnance to such wholesale bloodshed. The temple and the amphitheatre had after all something in common. The church, the mosque—save where the rites of heathen Arabia still linger round the Kaaba—the synagogue of the dispersion, are all alike free from this physical stain. We are so little used to anything of the kind in the worship of any modern creed that it needs a somewhat vigorous effort of the imagination to call up the true aspect of the holy butchery which must have gone on on any great thanksgiving day upon the giant altar of Hierôn.

But we are here in a region of antiquities of every kind. Not the least interesting among the remains of Syracuse are the vast *Latomiei* or quarries scattered along the whole line—the Quarries of the Capuchins, the Quarries of Paradise, the strange and dim passage whose acoustic properties have caused it to be seized on as a site for the tale of Dionysios' ear. But the memory of the great siege follows us everywhere. As we thread the windings of the quarries, quarries so vast as to put on the air of natural wooded dells among cliffs untouched by man, we remember that in some part or other of their hollows was the prison of the Athenian captives. There were the defeated warriors heaped together without shelter, in a dungeon all the more cruel that it was open to the light of heaven, left by day to the sun and by night to the frost. There, in the dark but forcible words of our English psalmist, they lay in the hell like sheep, with death gnawing upon them, and with the triumphant folk of Syracuse standing on the height to look down in mockery on their sufferings. Above all earlier and later memories, above the glories of the first Hierôn, above the plunderings of Verres, above the many tyrants and deliverers who fill up the intermediate space, it is still the Athenian siege, the Athenian overthrow, which is uppermost in the mind on Syracusan soil. Here in the

¹ xvi. 83. *ὁμοίως δὲ τοῖς τοῖς μικρὸν ὑστερον ὑπὸ Ἱέρωνος τοῦ βασιλέως τὸ τε κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν Ὀλύμπιον, καὶ ὁ πλησίον τοῦ θεάτρου βωμός, τὸ μὲν μήκος ὡς σταδίου, τὸ δ' ὕψος καὶ πλάτος ἔχων τούτῳ κατὰ λόγον.*

quarries, as on the Helôric road, the form which their memory takes is that of better taking in how utter was the destruction of the two mighty armaments which Athens sent against Syracuse. But the more crushing was the overthrow, the more wonderful was the strong heart of the people¹ which could not be crushed even by such an overthrow as that. The last years of the Peloponnesian War, when Athens again, after all her losses, gradually became able to meet Sparta and Syracuse and their allies on equal terms, are the most wonderful time of Athenian history.

No funeral honours, we may be sure, were granted to the wretched prisoners who died in their roofless house of bondage. But the tombs of the men of Syracuse, both of earlier and of later times, are not lacking. Above the theatre, as if to remind us that we are in a *Neapolis*, a region which lay without the bounds of the elder city, we pass through the narrow winding street of tombs cut in the rock on either side. These are plain and rude, like their fellows by the walls of Akragas or in the Pnyx hill—we are now told that it is not the Pnyx-hill—at Athens. But at another point we come on the far later and more elaborate tombs, of Roman surely rather than purely Hellenic work, which the voice of guides and tourists has bestowed on Timoleôn and Archimêdês. Truly this is not that tomb of Archimêdês which it cost Cicero so much trouble to find;² but the mere name makes us pause for a moment. The

name of Archimêdês is perhaps the most famous of all the names belonging to the spot. It probably conveys some kind of meaning to more ears than any other name in Syracusan history, unless perhaps that of Dionysios himself. More people, one thinks, have heard of Archimêdês than have heard of Timoleôn. And let him enjoy all his honours. His scientific skill, like that of Michael Angelo, was given to the service of his country in its last struggle.

But while we pass round theatre and amphitheatre, tomb, altar, and quarry-prison, it is well to remember that Syracuse, inner and outer, lived on into times long after the destruction of the fleet of Nikias, long after the dedication of Hierôn's altar, long after the day when Archimêdês died in the sack, long after the day when the Roman intruder first reared his sanctuary of human bloodshed. In the midst of these vast and varied remains of Syracuse, Greek and Roman, we come on more than one ecclesiastical building of some account. We look in vain for any certain sign of that more ancient metropolitan church from which the episcopal throne of Syracuse was moved to the temple within the island. But churches are not lacking, churches which were reared when Neapolis and Achradina had again become suburbs, but some of which at least mark earlier sites, and even preserve portions of earlier buildings. Santa Lucia, whose name is so lustily shouted in the island, has her church on the mainland, with a west doorway and a round window over it, both of good Sicilian types. One does not often find better *quasi*-Corinthian capitals than those which support the well-moulded round arch of her portal; but the beasts which kept guard immediately over them have been broken away. The rest of the church besides this front is worthless; we shall find more to repay us in the church of Saint John and in what the church of Saint

¹ See the fine passage of Thirlwall, iii. 464, "On every side the prospect was gloomy, no less than the retrospect was painful; yet, though scarcely a ray of hope was visible, the strong heart of the people, which had sustained it in so many desperate conflicts, did not sink even now."

² He tells the story in the Tusculan Questions, v. 23. The tomb was altogether covered with brushwood, till Cicero, then questor, found it out. He adds his boast, "Ita nobilissima Græciæ civitas, quondam vero etiam doctissima, sui civis unius acutissimi monumentum ignorasset, nisi ab homine Arpinate didicisset."

John covers. Here we are carried back to early Christian times, to relics, if we could only believe them, of the earliest Christian times of all. We may have seen in the distance the gable of the church, or rather the upper part of its western wall, rising emptily against the sky with a rich round window. We presently see that this gable runs the opposite way to the main body of the building and this last, when we draw near, reveals on its southern side a portico, if we are so to call it, of singular interest. The north doorway, with its plain tympanum, is pointed; but in the portico, as at Santa Lucia, we have the round arch, a group of three, looking singularly like the approach to a Romanesque chapter-house. The date of 1182, which is given to the building, will do well enough for the northern doorway; here in Sicily we read in these graceful and fantastic columns a witness of days a century or two later. What distinguishes them is the great size of the capitals, which seem designed for columns of some height, as compared with the little shafts which they are set upon. Figures and vine-leaves occupy the centre pair; the side capitals have some of the usual groupings of foliage. The proportion may be called incongruous; but these columns, like the short columns of a crypt, have a kind of proportion of their own. We enter the church, and the eye is struck by an appearance about which the guide-books, Gsell-fels as well as Murray, are silent. We seem at first to see two vast Doric columns, with a huge echinus, built up in a modern wall and taught to support a modern arch. But we soon find out that, if these really be ancient portions, they must have gone through some strange changes. In any case they are not whole columns, and one is led to doubt whether they are actual fragments of some ancient building, kept by some strange fit of preservation, or whether they are modern devices due to some strange fit of imitation. We must remember that huge Doric columns of

the elder type cannot well be carried about and set up here and there, like the slenderer monoliths of the Roman orders. However this be, the church of Saint John hardly serves as more than a passage to the underground church of Saint Marcan, the first and martyred Bishop of Syracuse. Here, besides the empty tomb of the martyr, may be seen the altar where Saint Paul said mass, a legend which, as Saint Paul certainly did visit Syracuse, has at least more to be said for it than the legend which makes Saint Peter consecrate a church at Catania. The church itself is a Greek cross with apses at all the ends, except the one by which we come down from the upper church; the eastern apse is furnished in the surrounding aisle. There is no cupola, but there is a crossing which cries for one, and its four arches seem to have rested on short, most likely mutilated, columns, with Ionic capitals of great richness and grace. Is it either wrong or contradictory to confess that, though the simple majesty of the true Doric never wearies, there is a certain satisfaction in now and then looking on other forms? But the Ionic capitals at Saint Marcan are to be looked on only under difficulties. They and their columns have been ruthlessly built up, doubtless for the better support of the building; the eggs and ram's horns peer out only here and there. One of their fellows has been turned upside down, and made, so we are told, into an episcopal throne. If so, it has been dislodged from its proper place in the apse. This would be small evidence on which to challenge this crypt as a fragment of the elder metropolitan church, the quarters of the conquering Emir: but we clutch at the chance as better than nothing. Anyhow there are many to whom Saint Marcan will be most attractive as the way to the great catacombs of Syracuse; but there may be a few minds who shrink from catacombs—at least till they are better certified as to the etymology of the name—and for whom

Saint Marcian may have some charms in his own person, or at least in the fabric of his church.

One part then of the forsaken regions of Syracuse, one, we may say of the five cities of the Syracusan Pentapolis, has more remains to show of Greek and Roman times than the island of Ortygia itself. But many pages of the later Hellenic history of Syracuse are written on those quarters of the city which are utterly desolate. It is, as we have said, a long journey from the castle of Maniakês to the fort of Euryalos; but nothing short of that journey will make us fully understand the full greatness of Syracuse and her history. Few spots combine attractions of more and more varied kinds. The mere look-out on land and sea on either side is no slight matter. The same main points which we have seen from the castle of Maniakês are seen again in other groupings from the fort of Hierôn. On one side or the other we look down on the whole history of the Athenian and Carthaginian sieges: we take in León and Thapsos and the Katanaian shelter far away, as well as Plemmyrion and the Great Harbour and the besiegers' camp by Anapos. And here we begin, perhaps for the first time, to take in the special characteristics of the third great siege, the crowning work of Marcellus. We have learned to think that, in any siege of Syracuse, the invading land force must be encamped by the Olympieion, that the invading fleet must have its post in the Great Harbour. And in the Roman siege the land force strictly conformed to earlier precedents; it was only by sea that innovations were made. If we would call up the state of things before the Roman storm, we must conceive the legions arrayed on the old camping-ground of Nikias and Himilkôn; but we must picture the Roman fleet, not cooped up in the Great Harbour—did some device of Archimédês keep them out?—but holding the open sea, lining the steep

coast beneath the walls of Achradina. But these will hardly be our first thoughts. The heights of Epipolai have been twice climbed by an invading host, unsuccessfully from the south, successfully from the north; but it is the first, the unsuccessful attack from the south, which first presses on the mind. The last bold stroke of Dêmostenês, the march from the camp by the haven, the night attack, the repulse, the wild confusion, the chance blows dealt by friend and foe as the Doric *paian* of Syracuse was answered by the Doric *paian* of Kor-kyra and Argos—these are, after all, the first and most undying thoughts which gather round Syracuse and Epipolai; it is enough if in after moments the thoughts of Roman, Saracen, and Norman can achieve a lodgement by their side. Epipolai is first and foremost the height from which Dêmostenês was beaten back; it is only on second thoughts that it comes home to us as the height up which the traitor Sôsis led the Roman storming-party almost without a blow. But the fort on Euryalos would be worth a pilgrimage from a more distant spot than the island of Arethousa, even if its historic memories were less than the lesser of these two. The spot had changed not a little in the two hundred years between the assault of Dêmostenês and the assault of Marcellus. Dionysios had reigned; so had the second Hierôn; and each had left visible memorials of his reign. And relics still are there, relics older than Hierôn and Dionysios, older than Hermokratês and Gelôn, relics which may well have been as forsaken and mysterious when Archias landed as they are now, relics beside which the broken columns of the Olympieion may seem modern. At the time of the Athenian siege Epipolai was no part of the city, no part even of any regular system of outposts. When besiegers and besieged were building walls and counter-walls, it was occupied for the special purposes of the siege. It was doubtless the

important part which the new outpost played at this time which suggested to Dionysios the policy of bringing it within the fortifications of the city. He then compassed the vast enclosure with the strong walls which we still trace along the hill-side, walls which, as far at least as the space which they fenced it was secured, made Syracuse the greatest of Greek and of European cities. Within their compass, near to the extreme point, Hierôn—so judges so competent an observer as Leake,—reared the fort which still abides as one of our best specimens of the work of Greek military engineers. But he reared it on remains of far older times, remains, we may safely say, of prehistoric antiquity. The excavations and passages which were so ingeniously turned into the substructure of the Greek fortress, and were made to play no unimportant part in at least the economy of its defenders, are now deemed to be the tombs of a primitive people. Those tombs were hewn in the body of the hill; they were not raised on high to look over the sea, like the barrow which Hektôr promised his slain adversary, or like the barrows which the same spirit has reared on so many of the heights of our own island. Strange inscriptions, in strange characters which baffle even skilled philologists, still remain on the entrances of these chambers of the dead, and open the way to the widest range of speculation as to the people whose hands may have graven them. Have we found here, on the hill of Syracuse, what we look for in vain in his own Tauromenion, the genuine work of the Sikeli? Or may we yield to the temptation of deeming that we have here the memorials of some older and more mysterious race, beside whom the Sikeli, kinsman of the Latin, might seem but a recent intruder? Some day an answer may be given to these questions, as well as to endless other hard questions touching the early races of Italy and Sicily. With our present state of knowledge it is easier by far

to put them than to answer them. Recorded history cannot get farther than the people of whom Douketios is the one man of whom we can form a personal picture, the people who might perhaps, if the sentiment of race had been carried as far in those days as it has been in ours, have hailed, if not a kindred deliverer, at least a kindred avenger, in Marcellus. It is enough that the fort of Hierôn is raised on works wrought by men older than the coming of Archias; how much older they were and of what stock they came, we must wait for yet further advances of knowledge to decide.

The fortification of Dionysios completed the group of cities which were to form Syracuse. From his fortress in Ortygia he bore rule over what was now the greatest city of the Hellenic world, a city which, in the true Hellenic world, as distinguished from the Hellenized world of Antioch and Alexandria, knew no rival. His fortress was swept away, as a great symbolic act, when Timoleôn had done what Diôn failed to do, and when Syracuse, from one end to another, was a free city. But the story of the Roman capture seems to show that, though Epipolai was taken within the circuit of the walls, yet it was not a thickly inhabited quarter.¹ Hierôn defended it by his fort; but he himself dwelled far away in the island,² though we may well believe that the house of the paternal king had another outward look than the castle of the tyrant. Achradina still kept its separate fortifications. When Marcellus and his followers had reached the height, when he looked down on the city,

¹ See Arnold, *History of Rome* iii. 299. Livy (xxv. 24) says "per ingentem solitudinem erat perventum." He gives as a reason that most of the inhabitants were either asleep or drunk in honour of Artemis; but the whole story reads as if this region was not inhabited like the rest of the city. In the next chapter we read of the inhabitants of Tyche and Neapolis, but not of the inhabitants of Epipolai.

² Cicero, in his general description of Syracuse (Verres iv. 52 et seqq.), speaks of the island, "in qua domus est quæ regis Hieronis fuerat, qua prætores uti solent."

the fleet, the camp, and wept for the very greatness of its conquest,¹ neither the first nor the second Syracuse was his. He had carried the sea-wall of Tycha, with its *Hexapylon*; the fort of Euryalos with its defenders was cut off from the rest of the city; Tycha and Neapolis had craved his mercy, a mercy which gave to their inhabitants their lives only and handed over their goods as a prey to his soldiers. But Achradina with its separate walls stood ready for another siege. The camp of Marcellus was pitched on high, while the camp of Quinctius was pitched below on the camping-ground of Nikias. And a strange turning about of things it was when a Punic host came to attack the Roman camp, only to be swept away, like the host of Himilkôn, by those same powers of disease which now fought against Syracuse and not for her. Stranger yet would it have been if the Punic admiral's heart had not failed him, and if the fleet of Carthage had sailed into the Great Harbour, with Bomilkar to play the part of a barbarian Timoleôn.² At last treachery and force together gave Achradina and Ortygia into the hand of Marcellus, and Syracuse passed under the dominion of Rome.

How she fared under that dominion, as the head of a Roman province, the abode of a Roman prætor, the greatest of Roman orators has told us. Verres was hardly a fair specimen of a Roman governor; but it was condemnation enough of a system that under it a Verres could be. A more abiding blow was dealt to Syracuse in the wars of Sextus Pompeius;³ but the city, now again shrinking up within its second boundaries, recovered some-

what of prosperity as a Roman colony. Syracuse was now a child of Rome; was the prospect of a higher rank ever dangled before her eyes? Was it ever within the compass of possibility that Syracuse should herself become Rome, that at least she should supplant Rome, Old and New, as the centre of the Roman world? The native historian of Sicily has broached the doctrine that, when the second Constans, after forsaking the New Rome and plundering the Old, came to dwell and to die at Syracuse, he came with the purpose of setting up the throne of the Cæsars in the royal city of Agathoklès and Hierôn.⁴ It is certainly hard to see on what evidence the theory rests; but, putting aside the question of evidence for a moment, there is nothing absurd or unlikely in the theory itself. If the thought seems strange, it seems so mainly from the abiding difficulty of taking in what were the real conditions of the Roman Empire in the second half of the seventh century. The visit of Constans came in the lull which followed the first burst of Saracen conquest. The Empire had been cut short by the loss of Syria, Egypt, and eastern Africa; but it still stretched from the furthest shores of the Euxine to the pillars of Héraklès. The Asiatic frontier towards the Mussulman had already pretty well settled itself; the European lands had not yet been seriously attacked by him. Spanish dominion was gone; Italian dominion had become fragmentary; but Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, western Africa, were still under the Imperial obedience; Rome, Venice, Naples, Tarentum,

⁴ So Amari, *Musulmani di Sicilia* i. 94, where he puts the case well on *a priori* grounds; but, when he comes to quote his references in page 96, I can find nothing in any of them to bear out his view. He refers to Theophanès, "il quale dice positivamente a p. 532 che Costante si fosse deliberato a trasferire la sede dell' Impero a Siracusa." But I cannot get this meaning out of the queer Greek of Theophanès; *καταλιπὼν ὁ βασιλεὺς Κωνσταντίνου πόλεις μετέστη ἐν Συρακούσῃ τῆς Σικελίας βουλῆσθαι ἐν Ῥώμῃ τὴν βασιλείαν μεταστήσαι.*

¹ See the famous description in Livy xxv. 24 (cf. Plutarch, Marcellus 19) which seems to have suggested two fine passages of Arnold, iii. 301—310.

² See Livy xxv. 26.

³ Strabo vi. 2 (vol. ii. p. 30). 'Εφ' ἡμῶν δὲ Πομπηίου τὰς τε ἄλλας κακώσαντος πόλεις, καὶ δὴ καὶ τὰς Συρακούσας, πέμψας ἀποικίαν ὁ Σεβαστὸς Καίσαρ, πολὺ μέρος τοῦ παλαιοῦ ἀττισματος ἀνέλαβε.

Syracuse, Carthage, were as much cities of the Empire of Constans as Constantinople and Thessalonica. The threatened parts of the Empire were the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean. For a realm so vast and so scattered Syracuse might well seem a better centre than either Rome or Constantinople. And Constans, half mad as he perhaps was at times, did not lack either insight or energy. He may have thought in real policy that Syracuse was a fit place for the seat of the Imperial government, as it was doubtless in policy and not in cowardice that Heraclius, threatened by Goth and Lombard as well as Persian, deemed Carthage a better centre than Constantinople. If then any evidence can be brought for the fact that such a scheme was ever proposed, much may be said for the scheme itself. But it is for those who put forth the theory to find the evidence to support it.

Be this as it may, the Syracuse of the days of Constans must have been something very unlike either the Syracuse of Dionysios and Hierón or the Syracuse of earlier and later times. It took in doubtless the island and something more, though it might be hard to say exactly how much more. The visit and the slaughter of its one Imperial visitor were separated by two hundred and ten years from the Saracenic conquest, a longer time than the

whole duration of Saracen rule in Syracuse, even without reckoning the break wrought by Maniákēs. We are thus brought back to the island, to the most ancient and the most modern city, the city whose history is best told in the fabric of its metropolitan church. We may, in thought at least, look out once more from the roof of the deliverer's castle, on the land and the sea which have beheld so large and so striking a part of the history of the world. Our last thoughts come back to the point from which our first thoughts started. At Syracuse all other memories are secondary beside the memories of Hellenic days. Other thoughts are foremost at Palermo and at Catania. At Syracuse all that is not Greek seems as a mere excrescence on the soil of the greatest of Hellenic cities. And though, in spite of ourselves, it is round another point of Syracusan history that our thoughts are most apt to gather, it is well, in bringing our musings on Syracuse and Sicily to an end, to remember that the highest association in all Sicilian history is that Syracuse was the chosen home of the stainless hero who ranks beside Aristeidēs and Kallikratidas. Our last thought at Syracuse may well be that the city of Dionysios and Agathoklēs is also the city which hailed Timoleón as her deliverer and chose him as her adopted father.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE first of the two following papers was written by the distinguished American journalist whose name it bears, in pursuance of a request to be furnished with a statement of the American view of the question. The second contains the remarks of an English writer thereon.—*Editor.*

I. AN AMERICAN VIEW.

THE question of an international copyright treaty between the United States and Great Britain, which has been the subject of much desultory and inconclusive discussion for many years on both sides of the Atlantic, appears now to have assumed a phase from which practical results may be reasonably expected. There has been of late a gradual *rapprochement* between the authors and publishers of both countries with regard to the general principles on which the question may be settled with advantage to all concerned. Concessions on both sides have narrowed the range of discussion, and brought it down from the region of sentiment and abstractions to that of practical measures. There still exists, of course, a wide divergence of views with regard to the abstract rights of authors in what is called "brain production;" and the question whether ideas, or the form only in which they are expressed, may be copyrighted is one upon which theorists will probably differ and argue to the end of time. The chief objection to this otherwise harmless intellectual amusement is that while, like most metaphysical discussions, it leads to nothing, it diverts attention from measures that might lead to tangible, practical results. It is, therefore, gratifying to observe that so eminent an advocate of the abstract rights of authors as Professor Huxley, admits that to insist upon the acknowledgment of those rights at the present time would be in the highest degree Quixotic, because, to quote his own language, "it is not worth while in real life to attempt to get things which it is impossible to get."

Where men of eminence, whose opinions are entitled to consideration and respect, hold widely divergent views on a question of this kind, involving practical results, it is evident that a settlement can be reached only by mutual concessions. The agreement must be in the nature of a compromise. When, therefore, we come to consider the important and now pressing question of international copyright, which involves material interests as well as abstract rights, it behoves us to look for a substantial practical basis for the equitable adjustment of the claims, rights, and interests of authors, publishers, and society; a common ground upon which all can meet, by making concessions that impair no material right, and which accord with the prevailing ideas of what is due to authors. It must be conceded at the outset that those who hold that literary property exists by the common law, and that it should be perpetual, like other kinds of property, have the best of the argument. It is, indeed, a strange perversion of justice to limit an author's right in the creations of his mind, and a time may come when this anomaly shall cease to be a stain on our statute-books. But the world has not yet reached that stage of progress. It is still as true as it was in Dr. Johnson's time that "the consent of nations is against" perpetuity in literary property; and the most that society is at present willing to concede is that the author is entitled to "an adequate reward" for his labours.

The question of international copyright is still more complicated, since it involves material interests of the highest importance, and a departure

from a long-established traditional policy. Permit me, before proceeding to the discussion of practical measures, to say a few words in regard to American sentiment on this question, and also to lay before your readers some of the difficulties with which American advocates of international copyright have still to contend. An experience of more than twenty years on the daily and weekly American press, and long and confidential relations with leading book firms of this country, enable me to speak with some authority on this subject. I do not write as the advocate of any special form of international copyright, my object being merely to respond to your request for information with regard to American views on this now pressing question. The first step towards coming to an agreement is for each side to understand the other. I do not think you in England have ever quite understood our position in this matter, or the motives from which American publishers, as a body, have opposed the schemes of international copyright hitherto advanced on your part. It is, for example, a common mistake in England to suppose that Americans of the present day are, as a people, opposed to such a measure, or that they approve of "literary piracy." They are not in favour of taking the productions of English or other foreign authors without suitable remuneration; and the course of American publishers, pursued for many years, towards foreign men of letters shows that they have no disposition to take advantage of the absence of international copyright. It is true that in the early days of our national independence, when our country was poor, when our authors were few, and when the facilities for multiplying books were comparatively limited, our American publishers used that advantage to reprint, without authorisation and without payment, the works of popular foreign authors.¹ In-defensible as the practice was in point

of morals and justice—and few Americans of to-day would think of defending it—it had one good result, namely, the rapid development of a national taste for reading, a wide-spread popular craving for the pleasures and the benefits of literature, which have created in this country a market for English authors larger, and in a few cases more lucrative, than that which they possess at home. This has been true for more than a generation of readers.

In those early days the works of Byron, Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, and other popular authors were borne from hamlet to hamlet, to the extreme verge of advancing civilisation. They were eagerly read in cities, in villages, and in Western frontier settlements, where the rude log-cabin stood in the forest clearing, the outpost of progress. I remember hearing an old gentleman describe the gatherings at the "store" of a little village in Vermont, the Green Mountain State, when the mail-coach, or stage, as it was called, was expected with its freight of letters, papers, and books. The interest and enthusiasm were most intense. Once, when the men were talking about Scott's last novel, which had gone the rounds of the village, and were wondering when the next one would arrive, one of them exclaimed, "I wish Scott knew how many admirers he has in this little town!" These men were poor, in a very literal sense, and earned their bread by the sweat of their brow. But they were all intelligent and well-read, one or two of them college graduates. Expensive books would have been out of their reach, and but for the facilities afforded by cheap reprints, they would have been unable to supply themselves with the means of education and culture. This was the case with the vast majority of American readers in the first quarter of this century—the men who cleared the forests, made broad the pathway

limits the benefits of the act to citizens of the United States or residents therein, and expressly declares that no protection shall be extended to the works of a foreigner.

¹ We might, indeed, find an excuse for this course in the general sentiment of the people as well as in our copyright statute, which

of civilisation, and prepared the vast market for books which is now open to English authors in this country. It is safe to assume that an international copyright at that time, while it would have added very little to the revenue of English authors, would have retarded the progress of American culture at least half a century, and delayed for many years that widespread intellectual development from which your authors reap so large a benefit. The evil was comparatively small and transitory; the benefits were incalculable and permanent.

But all this, you may say, belongs to the past; and what of the present and the future? What are the "practical" difficulties in the way of a just international copyright? I will state them as briefly and clearly as possible.

Few American writers, few American publishers, deny the justice of the principle; but there is a general feeling here that international copyright is urged on your side of the Atlantic chiefly in the interest of British publishers, that it is a scheme by which they hope to capture the American market. This feeling is especially strong in the South and West, and it is heightened by the fear that, by introducing English methods of publication, the measure would enhance the cost of reading. America is emphatically the land of cheap books. Our people buy and keep the volumes they read, instead of hiring them from circulating libraries. These institutions, so popular in England, are little known in this country, for the reason that our people are sparsely scattered over vast stretches of territory. Our fifty millions, spread over a continent larger than the whole of Europe, would be compelled to do without books under the system which works so admirably in your snug little island. Your Mudie can mail books at a cheap rate to subscribers in every part of the United Kingdom, and get them back from the farthest limit within a week or ten days. But a Boston or New York library could not lend books

to subscribers in Nevada or Dakota, thousands of miles away; the profits of such a method of circulating books would not justify the cost and risk of loss incurred. Besides, the system is distasteful to our people, who like to form little libraries of their own. Books for general circulation in America must be issued, therefore, in a comparatively cheap form. Your three-volume novel, published at a guinea, here shrinks into a modest octavo volume, in paper covers, and is sold at a price varying from fifty cents to a dollar. Owing to this system, the names of Dickens, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Thackeray, George Eliot, and a hundred other English authors, are as well known in the cabin of the settler in the remote West as they are in their own country. You can understand the suspicion with which every scheme is regarded which threatens an abridgment of cheap reading among a people to whom reading is a necessity of life, and to whom dear books means no books; and while this has nothing to do with the right or wrong of the question at issue, it has an important bearing on the settlement of that question. As a matter of fact, our people see no difference between paying an author for literary productions and paying a merchant for his commodities; but they are fully alive to the advantage of buying books, like other merchandise, in the cheapest market. Their objection has always been to the shape which almost every scheme of international copyright has assumed, and not to the underlying principle. Nor is this firm stand in favour of books and knowledge for the multitude unworthy of a great nation. We are keenly alive to the necessity of the general diffusion of intelligence. Upon it depends the perpetuity of our republican form of government. Europe is constantly pouring upon our shores a mighty deluge of ignorance and superstition. We welcome here the poor, the outcasts of every land. They come hither with vague and wild ideas of popular liberty, and mingle at

once in our civil affairs. They vote, they are eligible to office; in fact, every political position, except that of President, is open to foreign born as well as to native citizens. They must be educated, must become intelligent, if we would preserve our institutions from decay. There is a wide-spread feeling that the Old World, which contributes this mass of ignorance and superstition to our population, should also contribute to the alleviation of the resulting ills. You can readily understand, therefore, the jealousy with which the international copyright measure is watched, and why American legislators should be wary in passing enactments for the benefit of foreign authors or publishers as against the interests of American readers. This does not, of course, imply literary piracy, or a right to levy on the works of aliens; it implies simply a determination to keep in our own hands the control of the book market in this country, in order to prevent foreign books from becoming scarce and dear, and thus passing out of the reach of the great mass of the people.

Having thus briefly indicated the prevailing sentiment of our people in regard to international copyright, I will now trace in outline the history of the various efforts hitherto made in the United States to secure that measure, and then pass to the consideration of the scheme which appears at present to find favour with American authors, publishers, and readers.

The first American proposition of this nature was made in 1837, when Henry Clay presented to the United States Senate a petition of British authors asking for protection for foreign works in this country. The matter was referred to a committee of liberal and fair-minded Senators, among whom were Clay, Daniel Webster, and Buchanan. They soon made a report through their chairman, Mr. Clay, urging Congress to pass an international copyright law, and submitting a bill for that purpose. The committee took high ground on the

question of the rights of authors, and strongly condemned the distinction made by law between literary property and merchandise. They said:

"That authors and inventors have, according to the practice among civilised nations, a property in the respective productions of their genius is incontestable; and that this property should be protected as effectually as other property is, by law, follows as a legitimate consequence. Authors and inventors are among the greatest benefactors of mankind. They are often dependent exclusively upon their own mental labours for the means of subsistence, and are frequently, from the nature of their pursuits or the constitution of their minds, incapable of applying that provident care to worldly affairs which other classes of society are in the habit of bestowing. These considerations give additional strength to their just title to the protection of the law.

"It being established that literary property is entitled to legal protection, it results that this protection ought to be afforded wherever the property is situated. A British merchant brings or transmits to the United States a bale of merchandise, and the moment it comes within the jurisdiction of our laws they throw around it effectual security. But if the work of a British author is brought to the United States, it may be appropriated by any resident here and republished, without any compensation whatever being made to the author. We should be all shocked if the law tolerated the least invasion of the rights of property in the case of the merchandise, whilst those that justly belong to the works of authors are exposed to daily violation, without the possibility of their invoking the aid of the laws.

"The committee think that this distinction in the condition of the two descriptions of property is not just, and that it ought to be remedied by some safe and cautious amendment of the law."

No action was taken on this report, nor on Lord Palmerston's invitation, made the year following, to co-operate with Great Britain in establishing international copyright between the two countries. The subject had not then awakened general attention, and matters of more pressing interest crowded it out of sight.

The question came up again in Congress in 1853. Mr. Edward Everett, then Secretary of State, cast his influence in favour of the measure; and several prominent publishing firms gave it their support, on the condition that it should embody the following provisions:

1st. That the foreign author must be required to register the title of his work in the United States before its publication abroad.

2nd. That the work, to secure protection, must be issued in the United States within thirty days of its publication abroad; and

3rd. That the reprint must be wholly manufactured in the United States.

Still, Congress took no action in the matter, and the question dropped out of sight again, to be revived by a society organised under the title of "The Copyright Association for the Protection and Advancement of Literature and Art." Its field was wide. Its grand object was "to promote the enactment of a just and suitable international copyright law for the benefit of authors and artists in all parts of the world." A memorial was drawn up, in accord with this statement of principles, for presentation to Congress, but it recommended no specific measure, and suggested no practical scheme on which Congress could take action. In the autumn of 1868, however, Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, reported a bill which had been prepared with the co-operation of the executive committee of the association, extending protection to the works of foreign authors, provided such works were wholly manufactured here and published by an American citizen. In presenting the bill the committee said: "We are fully persuaded that it is not only expedient, but in a high degree important to the United States, to establish such international copyright laws as will protect the rights of American authors in foreign countries, and give similar protection to foreign authors in this country. It would be an act of national honour and justice, in which we should find that justice is the wisest policy for nations, and brings the richest rewards." This bill was quietly "shelved," owing in part to the excitement attending the impeachment trial of President Johnson,

which at that time absorbed the attention of Congress and the public.

Bills of substantially the same import were subsequently introduced in Congress; but no decisive action was taken until February, 1873, when Senator Morrill, of Maine, chairman of the joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives to which the subject had been referred, presented an adverse report, which seemed, for the time being, to dispose of the whole matter. The question was considered from two points of view. The committee had first to inquire whether the Constitution of the United States conferred the power to pass an international copyright act; and, secondly, whether such an act would be expedient. They decided that the first point was involved in considerable doubt. The Constitution provides that Congress shall have power "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." This language, says the committee, is "sufficiently comprehensive, doubtless, to include all authorships;" but as the question of international copyright had not been thought of when the Constitution was framed, it is safe to assume that it "was not within the contemplation of the Constitution, whatever interpretation the language may be thought to be susceptible of. To the argument as to the mandatory character of the provision in the interests of universal authorship, it may be replied that none but citizens could properly lay claim to protection of individual rights, and that, under the Constitution, these were all subordinated to the interests of science, and that whoever invokes the protection of the one must show that his demand is at least compatible with the other."

The committee then proceeded to discuss the question of expediency. Their inquiry went carefully into the subject of the comparative cost of books in England and the United

States. They found that, in a list of seventy-five books, the average price in England was \$5 60, whilst the average price of the American reprints of the same books was only \$2 40, or considerably less than half. They also found that English reprints of American copyright books were much cheaper than the American editions. These facts led to the conclusion that an international copyright would raise the price of books in the United States, and tend to hinder rather than advance the cause of science and art. The report of the committee closed as follows :—

"In view of the whole case, your committee are satisfied that no form of international copyright can fairly be urged upon Congress upon reasons of general equity or of constitutional law; that the adoption of any plan for the purpose which has been laid before us would be of very doubtful advantage to American authors as a class, and would be not only an unquestionable and permanent injury to the manufacturing interests concerned in producing books, but a hindrance to the diffusion of knowledge among the people and to the cause of universal education; that no plan for the protection of foreign authors has yet been devised which can unite the support of all or nearly all who profess to be favourable to the general object in view; and that, in the opinion of your committee, any project for an international copyright will be found upon mature deliberation to be inexpedient."

It must be admitted that the committee were perplexed by the diversity of the plans urged upon their attention by the advocates of immediate and radical action on the subject. One of the most prominent members of the Copyright Association, Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, proposed a sweeping measure providing that "all rights of property secured to citizens of the United States by existing copyright laws are hereby secured to the citizens and subjects of every country the government of which secures reciprocal rights to the citizens of the United States." The manifest absurdity of this proposition, which left the American book market open to foreign publishers without restraint, confined the number of its adherents to a select few. An equally indefensi-

ble measure, one similar to which was afterwards laid before your Copyright Commission, was brought forward by Mr. Morton, a publisher of Louisville, Kentucky, providing that any one should be at liberty to reprint a foreign book on condition that he would engage to pay the author or his representative a royalty of ten per cent on the wholesale price of all copies sold. Mr. Morton was also in favour of allowing the sale of foreign editions in the American market, leaving competition wholly unrestricted. This scheme attracted as little notice as Mr. Bristed's measure; and it is mentioned here only as one of several conflicting and utterly impracticable plans which were pressed upon the attention of the committee. Convinced that the whole subject was in a muddle, they came to the conclusion that it was the part of wisdom to let it alone until the authors and publishers of both countries should arrive at a clear understanding of what they wanted, and agree upon some practicable scheme of action.

Here the question rested until last November, when it was revived in a note addressed by Messrs. Harper and Brothers to the Hon. Mr. Evarts, United States Secretary of State, suggesting its reference to an international conference. They advocate no scheme, advance no theory; but this appears to be the first practical step toward the settlement of a question which has been the occasion of more bitter feeling between the two countries than many a war has engendered. Concluding, and it seems to be a justifiable conclusion, that previous attempts to secure international copyright have failed through lack of agreement and concerted action on the part of those interested in its success in both countries, they suggest that a conference of eighteen American citizens and British subjects, in which both countries shall be equally represented, be appointed respectively by our Secretary of State and by the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who shall be invited jointly to consider and

present the details of a treaty to be proposed by the United States to Great Britain; and they further "suggest that in each country the conference should consist of three authors, three publishers, and three publicists."

Although the authors of this suggestion properly abstain from expressing their own views in regard to the basis on which an international copyright treaty should be framed, the proposed composition of the conference is not without significance. It reflects, beyond a doubt, the general sentiment of the American people, to which allusion has already been made in this article, that the question involves many interests besides the abstract rights of authors, and that no permanent settlement can be made except upon a broad, general basis, in which those interests shall be recognised and protected. Whilst it should throw efficient safeguards around authors' rights, and secure to the literary workman the just reward of his labour, it should be equally just to the reading public and to publishers; to those who buy books and to those whose intelligent enterprise, whose judgment and capital contribute in so large a degree to the culture and pleasure of the public and to the material welfare of authors. On any narrower basis than this international copyright must fail through lack of popular support, and would deserve to fail. When Sir Edward Thornton, in 1870, laid before American publishers the treaty proposed by Lord Clarendon, he was frankly told that it would not secure the assent of the American public, for the reason that, although containing many admirable provisions, it was devised mainly in the interest of British publishers, without securing to British authors greater benefits than those already enjoyed by them in this country under the operation of the American "law of courtesy," whilst it would seriously interfere with the interests of American readers. This view of the treaty was also held by one of our most eminent supporters of international copyright

—a gentleman who holds advanced opinions with regard to the abstract rights of authors. Sir Edward Thornton, after a full and friendly discussion of the treaty, point by point, appeared to acquiesce in the justice of this objection; at any rate, convinced probably that the treaty stood little chance of being favourably entertained, he forbore to bring it to the official attention of the Secretary of State. But the miscarriage of this endeavour must not be taken as an indication of popular opposition to the principle of international copyright, but only to the form in which it was presented, the acceptance of which would have tended to make the United States, so far as English books are concerned, a literary dependency of England. This phase of the question is undoubtedly one of the most difficult and complicated with which the proposed conference would have to deal, not only because we are as a people naturally jealous of foreign encroachments in whatever shape they may appear, but also because of the grave, practical problems in which the question at issue is involved. It is still further complicated by the wide divergence of opinion which exists with regard to the form which the measure ought to assume; whether, for example, Congress should pass an act giving to foreign authors, of all countries, all the rights in this country which native authors enjoy, whether similar legislation occurs in other countries or not; or, whether these rights should be secured by means of treaties with foreign countries, whereby reciprocal rights would be obtained for our own citizens. The first plan has been favoured by several of our most eminent literary men, who hold that our government is morally bound to do justice to foreign authors within its own domain, without bargaining for justice to our own authors in return. These gentlemen, holding that an author possesses a natural right of property in his literary productions, inalienable except by his own act, and that he may do what he

will with his own, claim that the government should recognise his right, and protect him in the enjoyment of it, to print his books when, where, and in what manner may suit him best; so that if he chooses to print in London, and nowhere else, he may prohibit the issue of his work in New York, and compel Americans, if they want it, to import copies of the English edition at any price he may choose to put upon it. The laws of supply and demand, and the dictates of common-sense, they say, may be relied on to prevent abuses under this system. But of this we cannot be sure. Mr. Ruskin, for example, who publishes his works in England at such a price that only wealthy people can afford to buy them, would certainly taboo the cheaper editions which have made his writings almost as familiar in this country as the novels of Charles Dickens. And if Ruskin should do this, why not others? It might be argued that English authors in general would not commit the folly of acting against their own interests, and that editions of popular works would be printed in London especially designed to suit the American market; but this is taking for granted that the English author or publisher would see his interest in selling a large edition at a low price, when the sale of a small costly edition would afford an equal pecuniary return. This is a result which American readers apprehend from an international copyright; and it ought to be well understood in England that they will not sanction any measure which would place it within the power of a British publisher to withhold an English book from this market, or compel them to buy the English edition. This may be regarded as a "fixed fact." Even now, in some cases the importation of a small London edition at a high price practically shuts our market against a cheaper issue. It is useless to argue that this has nothing to do with the abstract justice of the case; for, granting the validity of this objection in

the settlement of practical questions, something must always be conceded to the wishes of the public, whose consent and protection afford stability to all rights of property. No member of society is superior to the obligations which society imposes, in return for the security which it establishes and maintains; and individual rights and privileges must always be held subordinate to the general good.

It is plainly deducible from the foregoing that the American idea of international copyright embraces one condition at least which may give rise to much discussion should a conference be appointed, and that is that the work of a foreign author, to secure the protection of copyright in this country, shall be manufactured and published here by a citizen of the United States. This means, to put it frankly, the exclusion of foreign publishers; it means that in granting to foreign authors the rights enjoyed by our own citizens we do not mean to place our book market under the control of those who do not understand it, who have no comprehension of the demand for cheap books in this country, and who would invade our territory with the sole purpose of mercenary gain. We see a great difference between the rights of foreign authors and the commercial spirit that seeks to obtain a foothold in our book market to the disadvantage of American readers. We are ready to grant the former with a liberality equal to that of any other nation; but, as Mr. William H. Appleton says in his letter to the *London Times*, "Any treaty which makes the English author and the English publisher joint parties to supply us with books, if negotiated by the two governments, would be repudiated by our people in a year." Do not misunderstand our position. Our people are not making war against English publishers for the benefit of American publishers; they are looking after the interests of the reading public only in thus making American manufacture the condition of American copyright for a foreign work. We

admit this to be a limitation of certain rights and privileges for which authors contend, and to which, in abstract justice, they would seem to be entitled; but every government has the right, as it has the power, under the law of "eminent domain," to make such regulations as it may deem most conducive to the general good, even to the detriment of some individual interests. But it is difficult to see that any practical injury will result to either foreign author or publisher by insistence on this condition. The British publisher is left in undisputed possession of the home book market; no American will attempt to invade his domain with an American copyright. And as for British authors, they have already learned that their interests are quite safe in the hands of "Yankee pirates," as some of your writers still persist in calling the men who for years have conducted the publishing business of this country with the most scrupulous regard for the rights of foreign authors. Nothing in the world could be more cordial and pleasant than the relations that exist between American publishers and British authors, and, I may add, between American and British publishers. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the terms of an international copyright, or as to the necessity of such a measure, there is not in the whole United States a publisher of any standing who is not now inclined to deal as justly and as liberally with foreign authors as he would under the regulations of a copyright treaty. Your authors whose rights under such a treaty would be worth anything in this country make arrangements, directly, or through their home publishers, with American publishing-houses, for the publication of their books in the United States on terms which it is doubtful if an international copyright will improve to any great extent. In fact, I think it will be found that the parties principally benefited by such a measure will be the American publishers, whose reprints will no longer be at the mercy

of guerrillas in the trade. It may turn out that the advocates of international copyright in England and the United States have over-estimated its value to the authors of the two countries. Your popular novelists and poets—Charles Reade, William Black, Thomas Hardy, George Eliot, Tennyson, Brown-ing, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Craik, and others, who are also popular over here—make their own terms with our publishers, based, of course, upon the commercial value of their books in this market. Except in rare cases of reprisal, the law of trade-courtesy has, until quite recently,¹ and under most anomalous circumstances, protected the American publisher in the exclusive enjoyment of his right in foreign works thus acquired by purchase, and this value will not be greatly increased, if at all, by international copyright, above what it was under the operation of that system. Few of your readers, I think, have any notion of the amount of money paid to British authors by American publishers. One New York house alone has paid more than 250,000 dollars within a few years as royalties, or what is equivalent to royalties, on reprints of English books; and other houses have conducted their business relations with foreign authors in the same spirit of liberality and justice. It is safe to assume, I think, that even the most popular of British authors, whose books have been paid for on a liberal scale, will find that the measure for which they have so long contended will not materially increase the income from American sales; and those whose books have been reprinted here with-

¹ About two years ago certain parties began to republish here the works of foreign authors, paying nothing for the privilege, and bringing out absurdly cheap editions right on the heels of the authorised reprint, which had cost a large outlay for priority and expense of publication. As a temporary measure of self-defence against this ruinous competition, Harper and Brothers established their cheap "Franklin Square Library," in which they have printed a large number of English novels, narratives of travels, &c. The extremely low price at which these issues are sold necessitates a decrease in the amount paid to the foreign author.

out compensation to the author may rest assured that this was owing to the fact that the sale was not remunerative here, and that international copyright will not make it larger. Not more than one in ten of the English novels offered here is reprinted; the rest are declined as unsuited to the American market. Legal protection will not make them less so, and it would be no inducement to print an unsalable book that no other publisher could print a rival edition. It would be well, therefore, that English authors should not indulge in exaggerated estimates of the material benefits of international copyright.¹ On the other hand, a large number of American authors, whose books have been reprinted (perhaps I ought to adopt a British phrase, and say "pirated") in England without their consent, and without compensation, are more nearly interested in the success of such a measure. Your book-trade statistics for 1878 show that ten per cent of the books published in England in that year were American reprints; and yet, I am assured on good authority, "the acknowledgments of any rights on the part of American authors have been few and far between, and the payments but inconsiderable in amount." In view of these facts an American may be pardoned for indulging in a quiet laugh at the lofty tone which the Royal Commissioners on Copyright assume in their report submitted to Parliament in June of that year. After reviewing the steady refusal of the United States to grant protection to British authors, the Commissioners say:—

"It has been suggested to us that this country would be justified in taking steps of a retaliatory character, with a view of enforcing incidentally that protection from the United States which we accord to them. . . .

¹ The fact that Spain has recently seen fit to give to England notice of the termination, on March 17, 1890, of the international copyright treaty between the two countries, would seem to show that the practical results of such conventions are not always in accordance with the expectations of those who frame them.

We have, however, come to the conclusion that, on the highest public grounds of policy and expediency, it is advisable that our law should be based on correct principles, irrespective of the opinions or the policy of other nations. We admit the propriety of protecting copyright; and it appears to us that the principal of copyright, if admitted, is one of universal application. We therefore recommend that this country should pursue the policy of recognising the author's rights, irrespective of nationality."

Considering that for at least twenty-five years past British authors have enjoyed all the material advantages of copyright in this country, while American books have been reprinted in England by the thousand without compensation to the authors, this solemn arraignment of the United States is very ludicrous.

But although Americans might gain in England by international copyright, another argument urged in its favour is of doubtful soundness. We are told that the predominance of English books in America represses native genius, or turns it from literature into other fields of activity. This may be deemed questionable, to say the least. International copyright will not limit the American demand for the works of popular British authors. The popularity of Dickens, of Charles Reade, of Tennyson, of Mrs. Browning, of a hundred other novelists and poets, could not repress the genius of Hawthorne, of Bret Harte, of Longfellow, of Lowell, of Bayard Taylor, of a hundred others whose names are familiar in England as well as in this country. No good book by an American author ever went begging for an American publisher, because an English book could be reprinted at less cost. One might as well assign the cheapness and popularity of Shakespeare's works as the reason that no great American dramatist has appeared. American readers want good books, whether by native or foreign authors, and American publishers are not the men to let an opportunity to gratify this want slip through their fingers. When the long-looked-for "American" novel

comes to the front, the American publisher will be the first to see it, and no number of commonplace English novels will be able to crowd it from the printing press.

I am not arguing against international copyright, for, in common with most of my countrymen, I regard it as a just measure, and favour its adoption from reasons of right and policy, but it is well to guard against exaggerated notions of its effect on the literature of either country. That it will not, if adopted, materially increase the emoluments of British authors, nor result in a marked development of literary activity in America, are propositions which those who are most thoroughly familiar with the book-trade of both countries believe to be incontrovertible. But this does not affect the justice or the good policy of engrafting the principle upon our law of copyright. The favourable responses of the newspaper press of the country to Messrs. Harper and Brothers' proposal to refer the matter to an international conference, the hearty acquiescence of publishers and literary men in the scheme, show that Americans are not behind their British cousins in the determination to do justice to authors, and to secure them in the full enjoyment of their rights. This conceded, it remains for a conference—should you on your side agree to submit the matter in the way suggested by the Messrs. Harper—to agree upon the details of a treaty to be afterwards submitted by the Government of the United States to

that of Great Britain. I have endeavoured to present the views generally held in this country with regard to the basis of such a treaty, and to show the unwillingness of our people to relinquish the manufacture of books in the United States into foreign hands; but this question, and also the question in regard to printing from foreign stereotype-plates, and all details respecting copyright on plays, pictures, music, &c., are matters which must be left to the consideration of the conference. It is to be hoped that British publishers will meet the advances of their American brethren in a spirit as liberal as that which has prompted this overture, and that the long contest may be brought to a just and amicable close. Every American must be gratified that the publishers of this country have evinced a generous wish to bring about this desirable consummation. Their claim to the right of conducting the publishing business of their own country their fellow-citizens acknowledge to be just. It is understood also that a considerable number of British authors have expressed their willingness to concede this claim, and to leave the American reprints of their works under American control; and as this is the main condition for which our people contend, should the conference fail to agree upon a treaty, the blame for miscarriage will not rest upon us.

S. S. CONANT.

*Franklin Square,
New York.*

II. AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW OF THE FOREGOING.

VERY early in Mr. Conant's memorandum we come to understand the point of view he occupies. He is not merely a citizen of the United States, telling us what the citizens of the United States think of International Copyright, though he does that in very ample measure; he is in intimate relations with some of the principal publishers of America, and he

writes under the immediate influence of these associations. "An experience of more than twenty years on the daily and weekly American press, and long and confidential relations with leading book-firms of America, enable me to speak with some authority on this subject" of International Copyright. Let me say at once that I recognise the authority of Mr. Conant as an

exponent of the views of leading book-firms; but when he speaks of what "our people" think, I suspect that he attributes to their opinions a degree of definiteness and precision they do not possess. "Our people" in the States are exceedingly unlike "our people" in England, if they have excogitated all things, even upon such a simple matter as International Copyright. Popular thought does not run so far here. As a lawyer who has had something to do with literature and something with legislation, and has no connection of any kind with any publisher, far or near, I am glad to make a few remarks on Mr. Conant's memorandum, but they must be taken for what they are worth, without any sanction, real or assumed, of popular authority behind them.

Mr. Conant tells us that the question of International Copyright, always important, has become "pressing." This convinces me that the world is, after all, pretty big. I had not heard anything of this new urgency that has arisen. English authors have given no sign of any sudden increase of interest in International Copyright. If English publishers have been conscious of any fresh development of its importance, they have kept the matter to themselves. What makes it "pressing"? Any author who has made his mark in England, may get from the American publisher who reprints his books such royalty as the latter may consent to allow him, and if these allowances are threatened, they have not as yet been so seriously endangered as to excite alarm; and there does not appear any reason why the English publisher should not face the situation with customary equanimity. Indeed I do not find from Mr. Conant's memorandum any evidence that the public in the United States are aware that the question of International Copyright has become "pressing." He briefly reviews the action taken in the States in relation to the subject from 1837 down to 1873, and the impression left by this review

is that "our people" are in a great calm about it. Here is Mr. Conant's own summary of the conclusions of the last committee that considered the matter: "Convinced that the whole subject was in a muddle, they came to the conclusion that it was the part of wisdom to let it alone, until the authors and publishers of both countries should arrive at a clear understanding of what they wanted, and agree upon some practicable scheme of action."

It is clear that if International Copyright has become "pressing," this must be due to something that has happened since 1873; and we have no great difficulty in finding from Mr. Conant what is the secret of this new emotion. It is due to the action of some publishers out West, who have thought it expedient to revert to the simple practice of the early days of the Republic. The Conscript Fathers of American freedom had a great love for literature, but their means were scanty. Like the first contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, they cultivated the Muses on a little oatmeal. Moreover, they had no reason to be especially regardful of the rights, or supposed rights, of property of English authors. Accordingly books were reprinted and no questions asked, and no acknowledgment made save that silent acknowledgment of the grateful spirit which flatters the self-love without filling the purse of the original writer. "In the early days of our national independence, when our country was poor, when our authors were few, and when the facilities for multiplying books were comparatively limited, our American publishers used the advantage of an absence of an International Copyright to reprint, without authorisation and without payment, the works of popular foreign authors." The publishers reprinted and the citizens read, and the result was that pretty fermentation of spirit which Mr. Conant describes as occurring periodically in Vermont, and presumably elsewhere,

when mail-day brought fresh spoils westwards. I have not the slightest intention to throw unnecessary and useless blame on the printers and readers of that primitive time. The travelling Briton enjoys his Tauchnitz reprint and brings it home, so that it may even be seen on the shelves of clerical libraries, and he must be a very austere moralist who denies himself the liberty of cheap moral improvement. But as years passed the publishers of New York and Philadelphia became respectable, and began to remember the wants of the distant author. It is not clear how this feeling arose. It seems possible that as the cost of reproduction became less and a larger margin of profit was realised out of the customary price of a reprint, it was felt that the privilege of the first producer of a book could be best defended if it could be said that the book was reproduced in the author's interest. Whatever the origin of the change, the fact is the same, that the better-known publishers of the Atlantic cities commenced the practice of making voluntary payments to the original authors, and to respect among themselves the title to exclusive reproduction founded on priority in the field. But two years since certain persons in the West—publishers of Chicago and St. Louis—vindicated for themselves the original freedom of citizens of the United States to reprint the works of Englishmen, and they reduced their prices to make a market. They sold for 6*d.* or 7*d.* a novel that was offered for sale by the respectable fathers of the trade for a couple of shillings, and these worthy persons were much discomposed by the re-appearance of the policy and practice of their own grandfathers. The question of International Copyright became "pressing." The publishers of Chicago threatened to destroy the trade of the publishers of New York. The latter defended themselves temporarily by reducing the price of their own reprints—an expedient that had on former occasions

succeeded in ruining similar intruders,—but the men of the West have not succumbed. The allowances made to the foreign author are of course threatened, and may be entirely withdrawn, but this final consequence has not yet been reached. At present the publishers of the older cities are principally, if not solely, affected, and it is they who have made the discovery that the question of International Copyright has become "pressing." It is from them also that the suggestion for its settlement reaches us, which Mr. Conant modestly explains.

What is the proposed settlement favoured by Mr. Conant? There is a preliminary suggestion of a conference, which is perfectly harmless, and might even bring about some degree of mutual education if it were adopted. But after compliments, business. The conference is an introduction to the gist of the whole matter, which is this, that the foreign author should be entitled to copyright in the United States, on equal terms with the native-born citizen, provided always that his book is manufactured and published there by a citizen of the United States within a very limited time after its first appearance. The book must be reprinted within a month or thereabouts, and it must be reprinted by an American to the exclusion of foreign publishers, who might otherwise be tempted to set up establishments of their own within the great Republic. What is the meaning of these odd limitations? We must turn to Mr. Conant to explain them. We are, however, warned by him at the outset against a fruitless search after theories. Mr. Conant puts theorists aside as useless people in wandering mazes lost. We know what this means. When a man says he is no theorist we are to understand nothing more than this, that he has never been at the pains, perhaps never felt the desire, to track any theory out so as to see how it squares with other theories and with facts of observation. A man can no more do without theories than

without words, and the head of the "no theorist" is generally a jumble of theories half conceived and in delightful confusion. Mr. Conant is no exception to this rule. Every paragraph in his paper has its theory, and very frequently a bad one.

Mr. Conant begins his argument in favour of a limitation of the rights of English authors in the States by making the admission that in his opinion copyright should be perpetual, like other kinds of property. The inconsistency of this opinion with the practical conclusion of Mr. Conant is curious. If an author's right ought to be exclusive and perpetual it cannot properly be limited. The whole includes the part—at least, that used to be an axiom—but in this case the right to a part is denied where the right to the whole is admitted. The explanation seems to be that the citizens of the United States reject Mr. Conant's premiss, and immutable morality must bow to their decision. Mr. Conant is however too good a patriot not to be able to justify the conclusions of his fellow-countrymen. I have already referred to the plea of the poverty of the original founders of the Republic. "The men who cleared the forests and made broad the pathway of civilisation," could not have got books at all if they had had to pay the authors of books for them, and the progress of American culture would have been retarded at least half a century in consequence. "The evil done [to the unpaid author] was comparatively small and transitory; the benefits realised [in American culture] were incalculable and permanent." This is the defence of the past, and an argument, based on the same theory, defends the resolve of the citizens of the present. "Europe is constantly pouring upon the shores of America a mighty deluge of ignorance and superstition. We welcome here the poor, the outcasts of every land." There is, however, something to be set against the apparently unbounded hospitality of this welcome. As igno-

rance comes from Europe, and is received with generosity, so must knowledge come from Europe and be received gratuitously. "There is a wide-spread feeling that the Old World, which contributes this mass of ignorance and superstition to our population, should also contribute to the alleviation of the resulting ills." The process of compensation is somewhat rough. The English author is to be limited in the extent of his claims because the American citizen boasts that he welcomes the ignorant and superstitious Irish peasant with effusion. On the whole, we could desire some nicer distribution of pains and rewards.

The simple substance of Mr. Conant's argument is that the citizens of the United States, being accustomed to get their English reprints cheap, do not intend to assent to any legislation that would interfere with their being kept cheap; and they are not yet sufficiently indoctrinated with the higher morality—if it has any bearing on the question—to recognise any necessity for modifying this resolution. Why then should not things be left as they are? The be-all and end-all of cheapness could not be more surely realised than it is, and the simple citizen may even acquiesce, with resignation, in the immoderate cheapness of Chicago or St. Louis. But the New York publishers rebel against this. It may be right and proper that no legal claim to compensation should be allowed to an English author, but the native republisher must be defended against the unprincipled piracy of his fellow-countrymen. The reprints of the West must be put down, and the way to do this is to give to the American publisher that acquires the right by consent from its English author, and to him only, the privilege of reprinting an English book. We shall thus reconcile cheapness and decorum. This is Mr. Conant's position, and he advances it with great faith that it is the position that would be supported by the mass of his countrymen. I

have no such conviction. I have too great a respect for the intelligence of "our people" to believe that they will not at once see that by the adoption of Mr. Conant's plan they would lose every guarantee for the maintenance of that cheapness they insist upon enjoying. The reprints of English books have hitherto been cheap, but why have they been cheap? Because there is no copyright in them. Admit a copyright in reprints, and the price of a reprint will immediately become dependent on the discretion of the reprinter. Take an illustration. George Eliot writes a novel, and it is at once published in New York for two or three shillings. It could not be published at any higher price without some rival entering the field. The comity of publishers in the Atlantic cities may be great, but if a book-firm in New York published *Daniel Deronda* at four dollars some other book-firm, concluding that their friends had taken leave of their senses, would bring out an edition for 50 or 75 cents. It would not be necessary to go to Chicago for a man of enterprise to accomplish this feat. But suppose Mr. Conant's plan adopted. *Daniel Deronda* is about to appear, and the publisher who obtains the right of republishing it from George Eliot may fix the price at anything he pleases without fear of rival issues. The condition on which cheapness depended is gone. The rules of the game are changed. It may be said that no publisher would depart from the established practice. Why not? There is a good deal of sameness in the nature of the original man, and whether it has been improved upon in Paternoster Row or in Franklin Square, this primitive basis is apt to crop up with tiresome iteration. I am told that English publishers are devoted to the improvement of their fellow-creatures, and this is perhaps the reason why they are so neglectful of self-interest, as they are, in the habitual disregard of the trading principle of small profits and quick returns. If American publishers have

a better appreciation of this maxim they stand alone among the traders of the Republic. But the determination of the matter would not rest with the American publishers exclusively, or even principally. English writers are fairly keen about getting money if they are not always sharp to keep it. An English writer having a valuable privilege to sell in the United States would negotiate with more than one publisher there before publishing here, and by playing off one against another would endeavour to obtain the very highest sum that could be realised. The publisher, forced to protect himself, would issue his book so as to bring back what he had laid out, and he would balance the results of a comparatively small issue at a high price and a large issue at a low price. I do not suppose that the reprint of a novel—even supposing the scheme could be adopted—would at once go up from 50 cents to 5 dollars, but it would be gradually enhanced until the limit of profit was reached. The question does not depend upon probabilities. We have facts to guide us to a conclusion. How do the publishers of the United States act when they have the protection of copyright to prevent rivalry? Although the American book-market is always full to repletion with reprints of English works, thus bringing down the standard of price of books of first-class merit, yet the sum demanded for a volume of native origin is as high as it can be pushed. I take down from my shelves Thoreau's *Walden*. Is its published price in Boston less than that of *Wild Life in a Southern County*? Here are Mr. Emerson's poems. Do they cost the native buyer more or less than we pay for a volume of Browning? The publisher is everywhere a publisher. I have disavowed any private acquaintance with the class, and I speak only from their public conduct. Judged by that text, I am warranted in concluding that if Mr. Conant's suggestion were adopted the price of an English reprint would be enhanced to the limit

of profitable return, and I deduce that "our people," bent on maintaining the cheapness to which they are accustomed, will not readily approve the proposition.

Let us drop *persiflage*. Mr. Conant's view is very simple. I amuse myself by playing around his complicated reasoning, but I rely on the good, solid, sensible, dull, inert stupidity of the people of the United States—so near akin to the stupendous gifts of our own people of the United Kingdom. When the time comes for International Copyright to be established, it will not be such as Mr. Conant contemplates. Hitherto, a few persons across the Atlantic have played with it. Henry Clay, one of the lost men of genius of the world, took it up forty years since, but nothing came of it. Mr. Everett nibbled at it. A Mr. Baldwin, unknown to me, seems to have brought a bill into Congress in 1868. There was a committee in 1873, which came to the conclusion, already quoted, that "the subject was in a muddle." Mr. Conant's comments on the suggestions made to this committee show how premature it is to draw up any practical agreement on the matter. Mr. Bristed recommended that the foreign author should have the same rights as the native author, if his country conceded reciprocal rights to American citizens. This is really an international proposal, and Mr. Conant characterises it as "manifestly absurd;" but then Mr. Bristed has seen the world. He can look on more than one side of things, and hence regards as simple sense what Mr. Conant so peremptorily

dismisses. Mr. Morton recommended that any one should be entitled to reprint foreign books on condition of paying 10 per cent on the wholesale price to the foreign author. This is "equally indefensible." Mr. Conant is so intimately associated with publishing as it exists on the other side of the Atlantic, that he does not seem to have contemplated the possibility of a general law of copyright, based on the principle of open publication, subject to a royalty. Is it not plain that the idea of international copyright has not yet been developed in the States? I do not say that the principle has any greater popular acceptance here. Copyright was for a generation recognised and respected in Washington Irving's works, under what proved to be an imperfect appreciation of our law; but, if the question were now for the first time submitted to our present House of Commons, comparatively few members would be ready to assent to a law that, in respect of copyright, made English and American citizens members of one English-speaking family, with equal rights running through the two communities. Still fewer could be found in Congress. For the mass of members there, as here, the question has no vitality. It is not "pressing," and it is not likely to become "pressing," because the shoes of New York publishers pinch their feet. When it does become pressing, we may perhaps hear something of those constitutional difficulties impeding legislation to which Mr. Conant refers, but we may wait till that time comes before discussing them.

C.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SERPENT IN THE GARDEN.

SIR FRANCIS RIVERS stayed one night at the maisonnette, and started on his return journey with Emmie early on the following morning. They were to take the train at the nearest station, and by travelling day and night hoped to reach London on the morning fixed for Mr. West's funeral.

"Poor little Emmie!" Sir Francis said to Alma, who had come down early to give him breakfast before he started—"It will be a dismal change for her. She seems to have been making herself very happy here, and very useful to your mother, and I don't like dragging her away to such a miserable state of things as she will find in Saville Street. But her arrival just before the funeral will be a comfort to her poor mother. Urquhart urged it, and, after all, she must, poor child! face the desolation some time. She is bearing it well, you say, and seems tolerably composed and reasonable this morning—no tears or hysterics, eh?" Sir Francis asked, with a puzzled anxiety, not feeling, in spite of his compassion for Emmie, the courage to take a very tearful companion on such a long journey; or knowing exactly how to set about the task of comforting poor West's daughter, if she should say things in praise of her father that he could not by any means agree to.

"You need not be afraid, papa," said Alma; "Emmie is very quiet, and says little even to me. I don't think you will find her difficult to manage on the journey; perhaps I had better go now, and see that mamma does not detain her with a long goodbye. I have all your directions, have I not? You decided that the journey to Clelle, as arranged by Madame de

Florimel, might as well be carried out by mamma and me!"

"Yes, if you think it best to take your mother away from this house in a few days."

"I am sure of it—mamma will never like the place again after hearing such news here; there is nothing for her but change of scene when she is in low spirits."

"Yes, and I am glad that you will have companions to help in rousing your mother—otherwise I should be almost as sorry for you, my dear, as I am for Emmie. Your mother is—it is better to say it out—apt to be a little unreasonable when she is unhappy, and she seems bent this morning on taking poor West's death as an argument for proving her own state of health to be worse than was supposed. Nothing I urge to the contrary seems to make the slightest impression. However you know how to bear with her, Alma, and are perhaps less likely to be tempted to argue the point than I am; though, to be sure, I ought to have learned the uselessness of reasoning with her by this time of our lives. The change, and Madame de Florimel's society, will at all events divert your mother's thoughts for a while, and if she does not recover her spirits in a week or two, or Clelle does not suit her, I must make a push to come out to you, when affairs in Saville Street have shaped themselves a little, and I can get away from my work again. Meanwhile you must write often to me, Alma—ah! there is the crack of the driver's whip. The carriage is coming up to the door. You had better go and bring poor little Emmie down, I think—there is no time to lose."

Alma found Emmie fully equipped, and her packages neatly strapped ready for the journey. Tearless too, with

nothing about her that need have made the greatest dreader of emotion object to her company; yet with a quiet despair in her eyes, which struck Alma as altogether too sad even under the circumstances, for she could not bring herself to see Mr. West in the light of a very irreparable loss, let him be ever so much one's father.

Emmie was standing by the dressing-table when Alma entered, taking some flowers from a vase, and laying them together with very trembling fingers.

"Let me help you," Alma said. "You can hardly hold them; but do you think it worth while to take flowers on such a long journey as you are starting upon? They will be dead long before you get to London."

"Yes, I know," said Emmie, in the same quiet, dull voice in which she had answered all Alma's remarks since she came. "I know they will die directly, but——" She did not finish her sentence, but she did not yield the half-faded branch of quince blossom she held, to Alma's hand, stretched out to take it away—her fingers seemed to cling to it, and in spite of their trembling, she finished making up her bouquet without letting her cousin touch the flowers. Alma was satisfied that she would not be a very helpless travelling companion for her father, in spite of that look of overpowering pain in her eyes. She had more self-command and strength of will than one would give her credit for, to look at her.

Lady Rivers was of course vociferous in her lamentations when Emmie went to wish her good-by, and Sir Francis had to come up stairs at the last possible minute and carry her off, leaving Alma to soothe her mother as best she might.

Except a distant glimpse of the carriage as it wound down the hill, Alma saw no more of the travellers; but she heard many stray scraps of news of them during the long tedious days that followed. Whenever she came across any of the people belonging to the farm, they stopped her to

impart some piece of intelligence that had travelled up the hill, and was being circulated through the neighbourhood by some lucky person who had caught a passing glimpse of Emmie's face, or figure as the carriage drove through the village. The further away from La Roquette that the glimpse had been obtained, the more valuable it was held to be, and the greater interest was attached to a full account of it. As the days passed, and the interest did not diminish, Alma felt bewildered, not knowing how to reconcile this universal occupation of a whole neighbourhood about Emmie West with the family opinion of her insignificance.

"That poor sweet Mademoiselle," La Fermière began, seating herself by Alma's side in the porch on the last evening before her departure, and talking as familiarly to her as if she had been Emmie—"That dear Mademoiselle Emmé, the whole neighbourhood is desolated at her having been carried away from us so suddenly, and for so sad a cause. The other night at the dance at Père Babou's some one brought in the sad news among the wedding guests, and it was one exclamation of regret, one cry of sorrow. Madelon, the bride of to-morrow wept; oh! how she wept, in spite of the bad omen of tears at a betrothal feast; and her lover could not chide her, for he was almost as bad himself. It was terrible! and then Madame la Comtesse and her English relation who were to have assisted at the wedding to-morrow, with Mademoiselle Emmé, only to imagine what their feelings must be to-day! Very little sleep they had we may be sure on that sad night when the news came, hardly more than the dear Mademoiselle Emmé herself, who looked so white, so white on the morning she left us, and who yet stopped to kiss little Jean Baptiste at the last moment—when she was getting into the carriage. After that, as far as one hears, she took no notice of any one. *Le gros Jean* who was working by the road-side five miles from La

Roquette that morning, affirms, indeed, that the carriage passed him closely, and that Mademoiselle Emmé made him a sign of farewell from the window; but still it is well-known that while she was in the village she never looked out—no, not even when the carriage passed the Château, though Madame herself was standing out at the gate, longing—so Joseph Marie tells us—for a look, or a word. Well, well, the world goes round; and it is now a funeral, and now a wedding that one is hurried towards. But that dear Demoiselle—to have seen her and the relation of Madame, as they passed through that little gate in the rose hedge, on their way to the valley three days ago. Hold, Mademoiselle, I was watching them from the window of my dairy down there, and certainly it was not of death and misfortune one was reminded in looking at them. The one as beautiful as the other—as I ventured to tell Madame not twelve hours after, she laughed like this; but bah! Mademoiselle wishes to be alone”—and La Fermière at last gathered up her knitting, and walked off to her own end of the house. Alma quite understood the unfavourable comparisons between herself and Mamselle Emmie that the good woman made as she went.

Still, with all these distractions, how long the days of preparation were to Alma! Her heart was heavy and anxious, and yet she could not help feeling irritated instead of sympathetic with her mother's constant wailings, which always seemed poured out over the least legitimate causes of complaint. She racked her brains for consolatory remarks, and found all her efforts useless, since nothing but a direct assurance that she would marry Horace Kirkman without delay, and undertake that his father should make the fortunes of all the West orphans—would satisfy her mother's requirements, or give her the only comfort she would accept. Under the guise of complaint and condolence a wearying contest of wills went on all day long,

and Alma had no time to give to anticipations of the mountain journey and the companionship it would bring her into, till late on the last evening, when Lady Rivers had fallen asleep; and she sat for more than an hour at the window in Emmie's little bedroom, listening to the song of a nightingale that from the rose hedge was filling the garden with melody.

Her spirits rose under this soothing influence, and she found her thoughts straying far away from the Wests' troubles, and complacency with her present situation creeping in. Three days out of her old life given back to her (that she thought was going to happen); three days out of her youth, before ambition and worldly councils had spoiled her; three days of complete forgetfulness of the Kirkmans, three days of such interchange of thought and sympathy as, she believed, for her, could only be had with one person, and must never be tasted again. That, at all events, she might hope for, to say nothing of possibilities arising from these, which, in the hush of the soft night looked quite near and easy of attainment.

The first day's journey was to be an easy one, and the start was not to take place till after twelve o'clock, as Madame de Florimel had an engagement in the morning, and Lady Rivers wished to await the arrival of the post which might bring news of the travellers. This would be the last opportunity of receiving letters for some days, and Alma, having heard of the uncertainty of the *facteur's* movements, came out into the porch once or twice during the early morning to watch for his approach as Emmie had so often done.

She was in much better spirits this morning and more sociably inclined towards the inmates of the farm when they came up to her, for things were altogether looking brighter. Lady Rivers had slept well, and was equal to taking an interest in the packing, and in the prospect of the mountain drive; and besides Joseph Marie had

been to the maisonette with a message from Madame long before the English inhabitants of the best rooms were awake, and Alma felt sure that if there had been a departure from the Château yesterday, Madame Dallon would have told her of it the first thing when she came up into the porch, to point out the road down which the *facteur* might soon be seen approaching, and which they were to follow for the first stage of their journey.

"A hot drive they would have in the middle of the day, to-day," Madame Dallon waited to remark. "But what would you have? Madame could not disappoint the good Claires of her presence at their daughter's wedding this morning. Yes, the wedding that is going on precisely at this moment in the church down there. If Mademoiselle had been up a little earlier and had chosen to climb the brow of the hill and stand under that clump of fig-trees, she might have seen Madame, and Monsieur her English relation, and M. le Curé crossing the Place on their way to church. Alas, that Mademoiselle Emmé should not be one of that party! Stay—this piece of orange-blossom; Mademoiselle sees how fine it is? It is from a tree that Jean Baptiste calls his own, and he had flattered himself, the poor child, to present a bouquet to his dear Mademoiselle Emmé this morning; and now for want of better he has stuck it here in his mother's cap. Hark! the bell—that is the signal that mass is half over, and in another ten minutes or so the procession will be leaving the church. Will Mademoiselle come to the fig-trees, or will she wait here and take in the letters should the *facteur* pass within the next quarter of an hour?"

Alma smilingly declined the scramble up hill, and her companion, overjoyed to be set at liberty, ran off, shaking the spray of orange-blossom from her head on to the path as she ran. Alma took the trouble of going to pick it up, and then stood still for a minute or two turning her head to catch the

faint tinkling of bells far below in the valley which the soft wind brought at intervals to her ear. A swift little joy note, now clear, now faint, now dying away, and again sounding a *re-veille* to gladness and hope. But for that, the house and garden were intensely still, for Lady Rivers and her maid were busy in the upper story, and all the other inhabitants had betaken themselves to the point of observation under the fig-trees.

As Alma mounted the steps again, it flashed into her mind that this was the day when she was to have gone to Hurlingham with the Kirkmans and a party of great people whom poor Mrs. Kirkman would be puzzled to entertain without her help. Horace would have been coming to fetch her soon, and she would have been at her toilette just now hard at work, really interested and anxious to shine forth among the guests, and make the doubtful entertainment a splendid success by the sheer force of her social gifts and fascinations. A splendid dress, a present from old Mr. Kirkman, for the occasion, which Alma blushed to think she had accepted willingly, was hanging up uselessly in her wardrobe at this moment. Would there ever come another suitable occasion for her to wear it, or was she really, *really* going during this journey to bid good-by to that part of her life,—to the side of her character that loved it,—for ever?

She crossed her arms on the balcony at the top of the steps, and fixed her eyes on the point of the road where she expected the postman to appear, but her thoughts were soon too busy for observation. She wondered over the strange interweaving of lots—joy to one, grief to another—that go to make up life. What a great many people's loss and trouble had it not taken to buy this chance of a new decision for her, and the tranquil, bright days during which it would be possible for her to make it. Poor little Emmie West, was she thinking of the contrast, too? The very flower in Alma's bosom, whose strong fragrance forced

itself on her notice through her reverie, was Emmie's by right. It had budded for Emmie, and now it was breathing its full-blown perfume into her face. Yes, it was strange how things were ordered. Alma's thoughts wound round and round this question, touching it and straying a little beyond her own personal concerns to grapple with the problem why benefit to one should, as it seemed, be bought by loss to another; but she did not, as Emmie might have done, turn her perplexity into a prayer. Serious thought with her was more prone to exhale itself in half-discontented speculation than to turn into prayers, though at that moment, as she remembered afterwards, there was a whisper in her conscience urging her to send up one cry for light and guidance in what she felt was likely to be a turning point of her life. One prayer that she might not be allowed to make a cruel use of other people's sorrow, and put her foot upon another's life, to reach what she wanted for herself. It was a little whisper, not so distinct to her mental ear as the tinkling of the joy bell in the valley, and it sank into silence soon when it was not heeded.

She was roused from her absorption by a voice addressing her, and turning round, she saw that the postman (who must have passed down the road unseen by her) was mounting the steps with a packet of letters in his hands. He would not let her take them till he had delivered himself of a long explanation of his reasons for leaving the letters for the Château with her, as well as those addressed to the maisonnette.

"Was not Madame coming up the hill in half an hour?" he asked, smiling, and pointing to a spray of orange-blossom in his button-hole. "Yes, he too was a wedding guest, though unluckily too late for the ceremony. If the young lady would only relieve him of the last contents of his bag—this great bundle of letters for the Château—he should be at liberty to return through the bosquet

and join in welcoming the bridal party at the Orange-tree house on their return from church."

Alma took the letters with only a nod of acquiescence, and returned to the house, examining them as she went. There was nothing from Paris, but there was a thick envelope from Constance; and Alma, in dread of hints that might make her mother uneasy respecting Conny's home-life, turned into a little side room opening upon the hall, to read her sister's letter through, where she could be sure of being alone and uninterrupted. It was a kind of store-room, where Madame Dallon kept her billets of wood and the flax for her spindle, and had no other furniture than an old chest with deep drawers, filled with wine corks which the boys had cut down during the winter evenings.

Alma put the Château letters on the top of this chest, and stood near it while she read Constance's.

The first sheet was just what she expected—home news, interspersed with little hints about Sir John's habits; which made her thankful that she had taken the precaution of looking it through before giving it to her mother; but the second page began differently, and Alma was soon reading with startled eyes, and breath that came and went quickly—

"Dearest,—Lawrence has just been here. You won't scold me when you hear the news he came to tell. I can't help calling it joyful news, though it is shocking, too, and makes me feel as if every one was going to die. Poor uncle West!—and now a very different life cut short quite as suddenly. You remember, don't you? that Lawrence is related to the Anstices? Have you guessed it, Alma?—yes, it is that, the thing you once scolded me for wishing might happen some day. Poor young Lord Anstice is dead. He was drowned two nights ago, while crossing from Gairloch in a storm. His mother had been taken ill at a little fishing-lodge belonging to him in Skye, where she had gone at this unfit time of

year, to spite him, Lawrence thinks, after a quarrel, which she said drove her from Leigh; and in hurrying to her, poor fellow! he met his death. She was always an odious woman, although I don't know why I say this except to keep myself and you from being too sorry for her; there is so much to make us glad. Alma, dearest, Wynyard—our Wynyard, *your* Wynyard is Lord Anstice now, and possessor of all that great fortune; and whatever difficulties the Kirkman entanglement puts in the way (yes, I shall call it an entanglement now,)—you and he must, you shall, come together again. I will move heaven and earth for it, if you won't! You will be shocked just at first; but, oh! I wish I was near you to pull your hands down from your face, and kiss the colour back into your cheeks, and force you to see it as I see it. I will never forgive you, Alma, if you let this great good fortune and happiness slip away from you, by any foolish scruples or false delicacy. Listen to me,—listen to me, we must one of us be happy—and I am not happy. I have never whispered it before, but I tell you, speaking from my heart now, that you may be as anxious as you ought to be, to escape marrying as I did. Oh, Alma, every day as I dress and undress, as I look round my house, and get into my carriage, I say to myself—it was not worth while—even what I have got does not seem to be mine, for my life is a sort of phantom to me, there is no reality in it, and I have no power to hold firmly even the outward prosperity people call mine. The days go by in a whirr and a dream, and when I venture to think a little, I can only say to myself, over and over again, that I am not happy, and that I dare not look forward, and that if a wish were to shape itself in my mind now, it would be such a wicked one, that I shudder to think I am in danger of entertaining it. And mamma said I was to be so *safe*, lifted up above all the dangers and cares of life. But

you, Alma, oh! you will have just everything,—the praise and envy of all your friends, and a high place in the world, and the man you love besides. It is lucky that you never actually wrote a refusal to Wynyard, or allowed it to be said publicly that you were engaged to Horace Kirkman. You were waiting, that was all. And surely it won't be difficult, now you have Wynyard all to yourself, to make him forgive that little delay. My secret hope, and reason for writing at once is that you may perhaps get this news a few hours before it reaches him. I should like him to see you, to have a few words with you, to get a little hint of your feelings, before he hears of this change of circumstances, it would make it all so much easier for you. You always called me a schemer, but is there any harm in scheming to bring about this perfect thing which would please everybody, and make two people who have loved each other so long, happy at last? It would be too miserable if you let pique or misunderstanding come between you, now that all real obstacles are removed. Wynyard is just a little crochety we all know—but I trust to you, Alma, not to let this great joy slip from you for want of acting."

The last sentence was written on a half sheet of paper, slipped into the envelope, and Alma, when she had read it, let it slip through her trembling fingers and saw it float downwards, blown by a puff of wind into the depth of one of the drawers of the chest which stood half open. Her eye followed it mechanically till it rested on a surface of cork, but she did not stoop to recover it; she half wished she could get rid of the whole letter so, and of the tumult of anxiety, dismay, and yearning it had awakened in her mind. How could she compose herself to meet Wynyard a few moments hence, possessed of this knowledge? Nay, how could she herself give him the very letters that would convey it to him? *The news* that would once have concerned her so

nearly—and that seemed such a mockery now when it would be, as she felt it would, in spite of all Constance's suggestions, a barrier instead of a furtherance to her wishes. Her eyes fell on the packet of letters reposing on the top of the press. It was there certainly, in one of those long envelopes. It was too important news, he was too important a personage now, for some one not to have thought of summoning him back to England at once to take possession. How could Constance call it good news for her? It was the overthrow of the hopes she had been indulging since she came here. It made them possible and impossible at the same moment, for now she could never make Wynyard believe that she had been on the point of yielding before the change came which made her yielding no longer a proof of disinterested love.

How could she, without incurring his contempt, give him now that little hint about her present relations with Horace Kirkman, which she had thought might perhaps come into one or other of the talks they would have during the three days' travelling together? Half an hour ago this had seemed so easy and now— Oh, why had Constance written!

Alma crushed the letter, and went out into the porch again, and stood looking over the garden towards the road, along which the farm people were now returning to the house. She tried to think about them, about the marriage just over; about Madame de Florimel, whom she had only just seen; of anything and everything she could bring before her mental vision, to crowd out a suggestion that had darted into her mind when her eyes fell on Wynyard's letters, and was threatening to seize upon her imagination with the grip of a strong temptation. Was it that her will to repel it was weak, or that she did not fight the evil thing with the only efficacious weapons, for even while she believed she was thinking of other things, the temptation crept back, entering into her thoughts

by unexpected avenues, till, as the time for action shortened, she found herself parleying with it and bringing the subtlety of her reason to strip it of its obvious ugliness, and give it new shape and colour. "Let me imagine for a moment" (this was the road by which the temptation crept back)—"let me just imagine what would certainly have happened if the postman had been late this morning as Madame Dallon says he so often is. If he had gone straight to the wedding feast and neglected to deliver the letters here till after we had started on our journey, they could not have overtaken us till we had reached St. Cesare. What a moment it would have been for us—I will say us this once in my thoughts—when he had opened those letters and came to me with them in his hand. We should have renewed all our old intimacy on the journey, and he would know by that time I had broken off with the Kirkmans because I found I could not give him up in my heart. He would be full of grief for his cousin at first, and I should comfort him—I, who know how so well; and when the time for personal thoughts arrived, the keenest pleasure would come with the recollection that I had yielded in ignorance of what was coming. How he would congratulate himself, and thank me for having given him such a proof of disinterested love. He would tell me, I know, that it was more than all his new honours and fortune and made them worth having. It would be a perfect reconciliation, a full restoration for me to all I lost in his esteem. Then what a triumph I should feel in telling mamma, how smooth and pleasant all the way would be, nothing to give up, nothing but roses, congratulations, joy, for everybody. For what a different thing it would be asking favours from Wynyard for the Wests, for my brothers, from worming help out of old Mr. Kirkman, who can hurt one equally in giving or refusing. But I should never have to ask Wynyard, only perhaps to put out my

hand to restrain the too generous, eager giving; nay, that would not be necessary now, he will be able to do all he wishes. What a position he will take at once, how popular, how sought after, how really great he will be with his talents and eloquence and winning ways and enthusiasm, which will be no hindrance now, only another power. Papa would be proud of him; it would be a real bit of good luck and satisfaction coming into his life through one of his children at last. Oh, I cannot, I must not give up all this happiness. We must be reconciled before Wynyard hears the news. It must be Wynyard Anstice in his old circumstances to whom I tell the story of my break with Horace Kirkman. There would always be a little doubt—a little cloud between us if we came together afterwards. And, besides, we never should come together. Wynyard is not the man to marry a woman about whom he has a little doubt, who had fallen from the pedestal even a little; it is all or nothing with him, and I should not be really deceiving him. I should be making him happy in the only possible way that is left; for—don't I know well in my secret heart that I have always preferred him. Patience—time—was it my conscience whispered that? But no! it must be done now; time would bring no help to me; we should drift further and further apart—and oh, I cannot bear to lose him now that I have let myself hope again. That must be the little gate that woman said she saw him pass through yesterday with Emmie West. Emmie West—I would not even let myself think of such a possibility a day or two ago, but perhaps I had better look at it for a moment now. Emmie and Wynyard!—and I alone! Emmie, Lady Anstice! It would be a mistake, an absurdity. He cannot love her, for he loved, he loves *me*, and she is a child who thinks of nothing but Saville Street troubles and her mother; but he might take a romantic idea now of lifting her up because she has been

always lowly, and perhaps, who knows, poor child, has shown an interest in him in his poverty? If he goes on thinking of me as Horace Kirkman's promised wife a little while longer, that is what will happen."

Madame Dallon was within a few paces of the garden gate now; in another minute or so she will catch sight of Alma's figure in the door-way and begin to talk to her, and Alma's life will be fixed.

"By such a little accident as that shall it be fixed?" she asks herself. "Could one bear through a lonely disappointed life, baulked every way, to remember always that one's destiny hung in the balance once, and that one let a little event like that decide one's action? No one could bear it. Remorse, if it came in weak moments afterwards, would be easier to put aside than a haunting, tantalising recollection like that!"

Madame Dallon did call out to Alma with her hand on the gate. She called to announce that "Madame" had got into her carriage at the church door, instead of returning to the Château, and that the four horses harnessed for the mountain journey were making such speed up the hill that she might be expected at the Farm in a quarter of an hour. Her shrill voice carried the words beyond the vestibule into the little room where Alma was standing, by the time her sentence ended, and they steadied her hand from trembling too much to accomplish the object she was set upon—the sorting the Château letters into two heaps, one for Madame de Florimel and one for W. Anstice, and the letting those last drop from her fingers into the drawer of the old cork chest. It had evidently been left half-open for weeks, perhaps since the winter evening when the boys had thrown in their last batch of cut corks, for there was quite a thick ridge of dust on the rim; but Alma closed it with one resolute push, and still had time to come out of the room with Madame de Florimel's letters in her hand and put them down on the

balustrade of the stone steps before any one entered the house.

Every one allows an acted lie to be morally as reprehensible as a spoken one, but at the same time most people find it easier to act than to speak a falsehood, and Alma felt a sort of gratitude to fate when she perceived Madame Dallon was standing with her back to the porch, chatting with a neighbour as she came out, and that she could thus escape having to tell her in so many words that the letters she laid down were what the postman had brought to the door that morning.

A quarter of an hour later Madame de Florimel appeared in the carriage, but no Wynyard. He had chosen to ride instead of accepting the fourth place in the carriage, and was gone on before. Madame de Florimel explained rather pointedly to Alma that this was a new arrangement, and was due to her cousin's reluctance to intrude on Lady Rivers under present circumstances.

"He would not withdraw altogether from the expedition on my account," she said, "as I depend on his escort, and should not have undertaken the journey without him; but it has lost, as you can easily imagine, all special interest and attraction for him since we heard of the sad departure yesterday morning." She smiled significantly as she concluded, but no one responded.

They had just driven through the garden gate and were turning their backs on the rose hedge and the many-windowed maisonnette, with its olive trees and strip of vineyard and sheltering wood behind, but it was not on that account that Madame's remark received no answer. No one stood up to take a last look, though the farm people were assembled about the gate, and did not fail to remark to each other how different it would have been if Mademoiselle Emmé had been there. Lady Rivers was adjusting her wraps and her veil, Ward was fussing to find the best place for her mistress's dressing-case, and Alma held her head down and steadily avoided looking back.

It was a greater effort than she had expected. What was the maisonnette to her, except, indeed, as the tomb of those letters now lying in the dark among the corks in the store-room chest? To avoid the danger of seeing them there constantly, she believed that it would be advisable to take away as few impressions of the place in her memory as possible, and so she strenuously resisted a haunting inclination to look back; not being sure besides, that, if yielded to, it would not have resolved itself into an impulse to stop the carriage and run back and fetch what had been left behind.

The struggle was a painful one, and when it was over and the distance from the maisonnette too great for any possibility of running back, a spirit of angry defiance took possession of Alma's mind. She knew what Madame de Florimel was thinking of when she smiled that little smile, and she mentally pitted her own strength of will and power to carry out a purpose against hers. There must be victory for her in the silent, unacknowledged struggle she foresaw, for how could she ever bear to remember what she had done, unless the results of her action were so triumphant as to carry her in a full tide of happiness over all temptation to regret.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

EMMIE behaved, according to Sir Francis's views of companionship, unexceptionably on the journey. She answered in a soft little voice, whenever he spoke to her, looked after her own travelling bag and rug when they changed carriages, and, when tears came, shed them quietly and unostentatiously in a corner of the carriage with her face turned, so as to let him see as little of them as possible.

"Poor child, poor child!" he thought giving her all the more attention because she exacted so little. "How sensibly she behaves, that

old donkey of a father of hers was not worth such nice quiet tears; she sha'n't miss him I vow. Something must and shall be thought of for her." And when it grew too dark to read the newspaper, Sir Francis, who had worked out all the legal problems requiring his immediate attention on his previous night journey, actually allowed his thoughts to stray to his own family affairs, and elaborated a whole midsummer nights' dream of speculative fancies, while the train carried them on through the early hours of the soft Southern night. "What was that hint about a marriage for Emmie in one of his wife's late letters — Wynyard Anstice? but was not he the man in whom Alma had once appeared to be interested, who had once spoken about Alma to him, in a way that he liked. Would it be well for Alma's happiness under present circumstances, that he should connect himself with the family. Might it not give rise to unfavourable comparisons — Alma, Emmie, Horace Kirkman, Wynyard Anstice, the four figures rose before his mental vision, and as a suspicion of drowsiness came on, kept changing places towards each other as capriciously as if Puck might be expected to operate upon them. Some one in the family evidently must marry Horace Kirkman, Sir Francis thought. Now that all these hungry young Wests had to be provided for, some one must marry Horace Kirkman and act as conductor into family channels of the Kirkman wealth, and the vast patronage that bullet-headed rogue of an old Kirkman had got hold of; but what a pity that the notion of securing the prize for quiet little Emmie had not occurred to any one. It would have been great promotion for her, poor little soul, and she would have made a capital little conductor. Such quiet tears as those, and the sweet little wistful smiles that came when she tried to rouse herself out of them, would draw anything from any man, and she might have built up her brothers and even her cousins' for-

tunes with perfect comfort to herself, without any of those qualms and disgusts that he feared would assail Alma. His Alma he began to think was almost worthy of the promotion of being reserved as the chosen companion of the years when he should have withdrawn altogether from public life and taken to cultivating his literary tastes again. She might as well, with that object before her, marry Wynyard Anstice as not. Sir Francis thought that in those leisure days he should care a good deal for seeing Alma happy, and his heart quite warmed towards Wynyard, as he pictured him dropping in of evenings with Alma, and discussing points in that History of the Law of Inheritance he designed for the work of his old age, with such understanding and interest as could only be expected from a man of Wynyard's intelligence and culture.

Alma married to Horace Kirkman, would be another thing. There could be no rational conversation with husband and wife there, and undoubtedly intellects were dulled in the course of time by constant companionship with fools. What a pity that those pairs of lovers could not change places once more. And with half recollections of a recent visit to a theatre where the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* had been acted, and confused visions of playhouse fairies pressing Love in Idleness on Horace Kirkman's eyes, Sir Francis dropped comfortably into a deep sleep.

Emmie felt herself really alone for the first time since the news came, for the first time since she had left the bench under the magnolia-tree where she sat welcoming such a beautiful hope to her heart. Sir Francis would have been very much surprised if he had known the storm of feeling which raged within his apparently calm little companion (careful all the time not to disturb his repose by any restless movement) during the long night while he slept, and the train rushed through the darkness. It was not despair, or any keen sense of loss that made that night a never-to-be-for-

gotten passage through the valley of the shadow of death to Emmie. It was one of those mental struggles, such as only come to natures capable of very deep loves, from which if the battle ends in victory, the soul rises up new born, dead to self and self-love, alive to all the higher kinds of devotion for evermore. A temple of God which, having known the horror and darkness of a sudden emptying, keeps the eternal light burning for ever afterwards on its altar. It was a struggle for surrender of the will only, for Emmie knew that there was no action possible for her, though at times for a few moments she let herself imagine impossible things, such as making an appeal to Wynyard not to desert her for Alma. She did not know why she felt so sure that his heart would turn back to Alma. Sometimes a pale hope lifted up its head and whispered that she too was young, she too was beautiful. She had loved with her whole soul, why should not she be chosen even with Alma by; but after listening to the voice for a minute, she told it to be still. Its sayings seemed to her beside the question after all, for what she wanted to think about was what would be best for him, what would make his life most complete. Had she not once seen him suffer, and felt then that she could give all the happiness and joy that might ever be coming to her, to buy for him what he wanted? It was strange to feel so for an almost stranger, perhaps it was wrong, or perhaps that was only what one ought to feel for everybody. That white-heat of love in which all sacrifice seemed joyful might be what we were meant to live and walk in, towards the common people of our lives: and then Emmie's heart bled to think that she had called her mother a common person, and doubted the possibility of joyful sacrifice for her and for the others. Saville Street life, with all its little anxious details and privations and uglinesses came before her, looking

darker than it had ever looked before from contrast with the freer life she had tasted. She asked herself if she was ready to take up its burden again, and on bruised shoulders too, for she fancied just then that in bidding good-bye to the love-dream which had come to her on that golden afternoon, she was shutting out all joy and strength from her life, shutting herself into a prison.

Emmie put up her hand to feel for the little branch of quince-blossom that was still pinned by the cairngorm brooch out of sight under her shawl, and a great cry seemed to go out from her heart towards the giver of it. The moment in which his eyes met hers seemed a supreme moment whose claims outweighed all the obligations of life and was an existence in itself. She could not let go her hold on it. She could not come down from that height of satisfied emotion to the common path of duty again, could not resign herself to make or be made such a sacrifice, or submit to God's will if that was indeed His will for her.

A hush of awe and compunction followed. The highest wave of passionate pain had flooded her struggling soul with that thought, and as it ebbed away the dutiful instincts and habits that had always governed her, reasserted themselves and proclaimed their mastery over passion. What was best for the others, not what would please herself, had always been her rule since very early days when she had first begun to take part in the cares of the straitened household, and gradually through the surging of grief and pain the old rule made itself heard again. It would be best for the others, if she came back with undivided interests, and gave herself wholly to share the struggle that was before them. He could not come into it—it would not be well for him to come into it because, Emmie decided sorrowfully, with keen remembrance of looks and words, he did not love her enough for that. She

had pleased him for a moment at La Roquette in the sunshine and among the flowers; but at home, with all the Saville Street household about her, and the work of the household pressing upon her, she could not be what he wanted. No; it was Alma he had preferred first. Alma was his real choice, and now that she had come back to him, as Emmie's instinct told her she had, there was nothing for her to do but to step aside out of the sunshine of their lives. She would not be even a remorse to him, not so much shadow as that upon their path. She would let him know somehow or other that she understood him rightly, and that those words, that look exchanged on the hill-side, meant for her no more than he would wish them to mean after seeing Alma again. She would do that, and whatever pain there might be in her heart, there should be no anger or grudging, and she need never feel humbled in her own eyes or before her mother, who would never dream of a woman loving more than she was loved.

The night had worn away by the time Emmie had come to this resolution, and a cold dawn was creeping into the sky. Cold, for they were nearing Paris now, and had left the golden sunshine, and warmth and flowers of the South far behind them. Magic land and glamour and dreams of love had vanished, and the long dark night had brought her up into the pale familiar world of work-a-day life again. She hid her eyes from the faint yellow light, and the pale spring flowers that threatened to look hateful, and prayed as she had never prayed before for strength to make that sacrifice on which she had resolved, and to walk bravely henceforth in the thorny ways she knew.

Sir Francis, who woke up just as the prayer ended, hardly knew what to make of the countenance she turned towards him in answer to his sleepy exclamations. The gentle patience and sweetness on such a fair young face

actually brought tears into his eyes, he found them so pathetic, and he patted her head affectionately after he had given her a morning kiss.

"That's right," he said, trying hard to find a pleasant topic to begin upon. "You have had a nice little sleep, I make no doubt, and so have I. It has done us both good, and here we are getting to the end of our night journey, and a cheerful sunny morning, which is always a comfort for the crossing and for—hem—for the getting home and everything."

"For papa's funeral," said Emmie. "To-day, yes I remember you said it was to be to-day; we are hurrying home for that," and she turned her head towards the window again, compunctious that she had been thinking so little of her father, and yet unable for all her good resolutions to help a little grudge against the feeble yellow sunshine which her uncle called cheerful and which to her seemed a mere mockery and pretence, light without glow, awakening her to days from which joy would be always wanting.

They stopped for two hours' rest in passing through Paris, and Emmie vindicated her right to be called woman in her uncle's opinion by giving some unnecessary trouble on this last opportunity and risking the loss of the train to Calais.

When Sir Francis came to the door of the bed-room where he had sent her to lie down, he found her seated before a writing-table scattered over with sheets of paper and busy sealing an envelope, which the waiter to whom he had entrusted his letters was waiting to take.

"My dear," he said, impatient for the first time, "we shall miss our train, and you are delaying my letters. Why did you trouble yourself to write? I had said all that was necessary."

"I am sorry," Emmie answered humbly; "but this" (holding up an envelope) "has a ring in it which I took away from La Roquette by mistake. It is a present intended for a

girl in the village who is married to-day, and I thought I ought to send it back at once."

"Well put on your wraps, there is not a minute to spare, and tell me meanwhile how to direct these other letters you are leaving on the table here."

"Never mind them, uncle; they are not intended to go anywhere, only sheets that I spoilt before I had finished."

Some of these stray sheets had only a few words scrawled on them, but the uppermost was signed and had apparently been rejected only on account of two large tear blisters which disfigured the postscript.

As Sir Francis stood waiting till Emmie had repacked her writing-case and tied her hat his eye ran over it and he took in its contents without finding any other interest in what he read than a faint surprise that Emmie

should occupy herself in writing such a common-place little note at such a time.

"DEAR MR. ANSTICE,—I brought away Madelon's ring by mistake yesterday and I have just remembered that this is her wedding morning. I am sorry she will not have it to wear at the marriage, and as I think I remember that she was to leave La Roquette for a few days directly afterwards, I send the ring back to you that you may give it her when you see her again. Please don't say anything about me in giving it. She knows I wish her well, but it is not really my present, and I am thinking that it is not at all likely I should ever see her or La Roquette again.

"EMMIE WEST.

"P.S.—I took the branch of quince blossom with me yesterday morning, but it died on the road."

To be continued.

LORD DERBY AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

1876-78.

THE Eastern Question has been a very Moloch among political problems so far as its destruction of great reputations is concerned. Wherever we look, at home or abroad, we encounter the striking figure of some eminent personage in the region of high politics who has been scorched as the consequence of his meddling with this apparently hopeless and unsolvable puzzle; but among English statesmen it is Lord Derby who has been the chief victim of the unhappy fate that has laid upon the shoulders of the present generation the burden of a difficulty which has been steadily augmenting during long centuries. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, it is true, have both suffered from their connection with the Eastern Question; but both have had their compensations. If the Prime Minister was forced to confess in September, 1876, that the country was no longer with him, and if at present he is suffering from the changed sentiment of the public regarding the importance of a Turkish alliance to England, it must not be forgotten that he has at least enjoyed the brilliant political and party triumph of July, 1878. If Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, has had to submit not merely to the abuse of the populace, but to the censures of many among his own friends and supporters, it must be remembered that he rode on the top-most crest of the popular wave in the autumn of 1876, and that at this moment his views are far more generally approved and accepted than are those of his rival. Lord Derby, however, has had the rare misfortune to be unpopular on all occasions, and with both political parties; whilst for him there has come as yet no compensation. In 1876 he was denounced at

the St. James's Hall Conference and elsewhere with a lusty vigour which seemed to suggest that in the opinion of most Liberals he was all but an active partner in the crimes of the Bashi-Bazouks. In the winter of 1877-78 he was not more popular with the country at large; though upon this occasion his offence was of a different character. Suspected of an unwillingness to go to war with Russia on behalf of Turkey or of those English interests which were supposed to be mixed up with the Turkish Question, he was attacked by a portion of the press with a ferocity and indecency for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the journalism of this generation. No slander seemed to be too stupid or too gross to be used against him; and the movement which eventually resulted in his resignation was brought to a head by a political cabal of which the Carlton Club was the head-quarters, and not a few Conservatives of eminence were the instigators. Even his resignation of office failed to shield him from the wrath of those whom he had offended, and the world cannot have forgotten the extraordinary bitterness with which last July he was assailed in the House of Lords by the peer who had succeeded him as Foreign Secretary. And strange to say, his rupture with the one party does not seem to have had the effect of securing for him the confidence of the other. At all events the Duke of Argyll, in his recently published "pamphlet in two volumes," deals with him as severely as though he were still the representative of the Eastern policy of the Government.

In these circumstances I venture to claim for Lord Derby a re-examination of his foreign policy between 1876

and 1878. Simple justice to an eminent Englishman upon whose career a cloud now rests, but who, it must not be forgotten, filled perhaps the most important office in the state at one of the greatest crises through which England has ever passed, should induce the nation to look into the facts of his official career as they may now be gathered from a variety of sources both public and private. The time has not yet come for withdrawing the veil from all that has hitherto been secret and mysterious in the history of the Eastern Question; but fortunately one may now be allowed greater freedom of speech than was possible twelve months ago, and, unlikely as it may seem, I do not despair of being able to put some of the most familiar incidents of that question in a new light, so far at any rate as the majority of my readers are concerned. In all that I have to say on this subject, whether it be new to the public or the reverse, I may observe that I write on authority on which I can absolutely rely, and which enables me to speak with confidence and certainty, even regarding those phases of the question which may seem to be most remote from the view of the outer world.

Lord Derby's unpopularity, as I have shown, arose from two causes, and these may be explicitly stated in the following terms:—1st, his failure to work in cordial alliance with the other European Governments, and above all with Russia, in 1876, as evidenced more especially by his rejection of the Berlin Memorandum; and 2nd, his refusal to join Lord Beaconsfield in the series of measures which began with the calling out of the Reserves and culminated in the Berlin Treaty and the Anglo-Turkish Convention.

It is the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum on the 19th of May, 1876, that is now the great cause of offence which Liberals think they have a right to cherish against Lord Derby. It has been the fashion in

most recent debates or disquisitions on the Eastern Question to date all the troubles of Europe from that point. If England, we are told, had but consented to join the other Powers in supporting this ultimatum from the three Emperors, all might have been well in the East; Turkey might have been reformed without bloodshed, and the Eastern Question might have been solved without any serious change in the territorial arrangements in that part of the world. Nay, the Duke of Argyll goes so far as to allege that "these actions of the British Government," that is to say, the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum and the communication of our reasons for rejecting it to the Turks, "contributed" to the Bulgarian massacres. It is a fortunate thing for Lord Derby's peace of mind that, even if he were as ill-advised as men suppose in his rejection of Prince Bismarck's plan, such a charge as this of the Duke of Argyll's is disproved by the irrefutable testimony of dates. It was on the 9th of May that the "horrors" culminated in the frightful orgies of Batak, and it was not until the 19th that the Memorandum was rejected. But dismissing this inverted notion as to cause and effect from consideration, the serious question arises: What is Lord Derby's justification for not accepting the proposals telegraphed from Berlin on May 15th and finally rejected by England four days later? Reading the events of the spring of 1876 in the lurid light cast upon them by the incidents that have happened since then, it is impossible to deny that some good reason for his action in this matter of the Memorandum must be found if the action itself is to be justified in the opinion of posterity. But before looking for that reason, it may be well to point out that at the time when the despatch of May 19th was written, the course taken by Lord Derby was not only not opposed by any of the leading Liberal politicians of the day, but even seemed to have their decided

approval. This fact would of itself be no justification of Lord Derby in the eyes of posterity; but it ought at least to be borne in mind by those who had the opportunity of making their protest against his action in the spring of 1876, and who failed to avail themselves of it.

But why was the Memorandum rejected? In order to answer this question it becomes necessary to dive below the surface, and to get out of the region of protocols and despatches into that of semi-official or unofficial utterances. Strange to say, it is the Duke of Argyll in his recent work on the Eastern Question who suggests the real clue to that which is still to the general public a mystery.

"We have already," says he (vol. i. page 187), "seen the declared reluctance of the English Cabinet to join in, or to sanction in any way, the interference of the European Powers in the internal affairs of Turkey. *The best, and indeed the only, excuse for this feeling lay in the suspicion or the fear that some of these Powers, and especially the three Imperial Courts who had first acted together in framing the Andrássy Note, had some secret understanding or design to re-open the Eastern Question in all its breadth, and to bring about fundamental changes in the destination of the European provinces of Turkey.*"

Now had the English Government any such suspicion? The question may be answered without the slightest hesitation in the affirmative. Even if I were not able to rely upon unquestionable sources of information on this point, I could adduce evidence already before the world sufficient to satisfy the mind of any candid and unprejudiced person that the Duke of Argyll, whether intentionally or otherwise, has hit the truth regarding the reasons which induced Lord Derby to reject the Berlin Memorandum. Of course it will be obvious that the secret plans of Governments can never be proved by evidence such as we are accustomed to look for in an English court of justice. Diplomats, especi-

ally those of the Bismarckian pattern, always leave a back-door of escape open for themselves, as in the case of the famous "Treaty" of M. Benedetti, and it is only when they begin to quarrel that they show each other up. But though great reticence has been maintained with regard to this private agreement of the three Empires, its existence is now an open secret in diplomatic circles throughout Europe. The very date at which the plan of the war was agreed upon is known to the statesmen of more than one of the countries which had no share in the "Triple Alliance." That date is not, as might have been supposed, 1876 or 1877, but 1873! On the significance of this fact it is unnecessary to comment; but I would ask any one conversant with the secrets of diplomacy whether he now believes that the Triple Alliance was nothing more than a friendly understanding, without particular end or object, between the three most powerful military empires of Europe? Unquestionably it was something more. It had objects, precise and real and grave, and among them it is no longer doubtful that an ulterior understanding as to Turkey was included. Those of my readers who are not versed in the history of the windings and ramifications of the Eastern Question, will probably be startled by this statement, and will ask what public sources can be appealed to for a confirmation of it. It may be true that one at least of the Powers engaged in the understanding has acknowledged the existence of this scheme, or plan, or plot, and that even its details have been made known to those who are in the inner circle of politics; but how comes it, I may be asked, that so important a factor in the Eastern Question as this is, has never been brought to light in the innumerable Parliamentary debates upon that question? To this I answer, in one word, that though the leaders on both sides have been very shy of alluding to the existence of the scheme of the three Emperors, it has not been

passed over in such absolute silence as many persons suppose. Perhaps the most significant utterance on the subject was that of Lord Derby himself on July 18th last year. It is specially significant, not merely because it shows that the country was informed of the existence of a "secret understanding" on the part of the three Emperors, but because it throws unexpected light upon the nature of that understanding. Speaking in the House of Lords on the date mentioned, the ex-Foreign Secretary declared that the cession of Bosnia and the Herzegovina to Austria "*was part of the original engagement between the three Empires some years ago.*" The cession of Bosnia and the Herzegovina to Austria! Is Saul then among the prophets? During the whole of this Eastern complication there has been no article of our creed as Liberals more firmly fixed, more deeply rooted, than the conviction that Austria was absolutely disinterested in her dealings with Turkish affairs, and that her chief, her absorbing desire, was to stave off as far as possible all changes that might lead to a partition of the Ottoman Empire, and above all to a partition which would be followed by the annexation of some parts of Turkey to the territory of the Emperor-King. We have clung to this belief in spite of the warnings uttered during many months by the gentleman who was formerly correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna; and in spite also of the strange confirmation of those warnings furnished by the Treaty of Berlin. The all but universal belief amongst Englishmen has been and still is that Count Andrassy accepted the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina with unfeigned reluctance, in the discharge of a duty to Europe, and by no means in fulfilment of any policy or designs of his own. Yet we now know—and we can appeal to this utterance of Lord Derby in confirmation of the fact—that years ago, before ever the Berlin Memorandum had been formulated, this transfer of territory from Turkey to Austria had been resolved

upon, and the three Emperors were merely waiting for the opportunity of effecting it. There is one other feature of that "secret design," that "original engagement," of the three Empires which I cannot find recounted in any of the public utterances of Ministers or ex-Ministers, but the existence of which I nevertheless can affirm without hesitation. That was a clause whereby Russia was to take back Bessarabia from Roumania, and was to wrest Batoum from Turkey. Germany was to find her compensation elsewhere. Thus, strange as it may seem to the outer world, it is nevertheless a fact that the leading features of the Berlin Treaty of 1878 had been decided upon several years before the Russo-Turkish War began.

It is now known, I repeat, in the inner circles of diplomatists throughout Europe and by both Liberal and Conservative statesmen in this country, that the Triple Alliance, the members of which had ostentatiously taken the management of the Eastern Question into their own hands in the autumn of 1875 and the spring of 1876, rested upon just such a scheme as the Duke of Argyll suggests, a scheme having for its object "to re-open the Eastern Question in all its breadth, and to bring about fundamental changes in the destination of the European provinces of Turkey." Even the Duke admits that the "suspicion" or the "fear" of such a scheme would have been an excuse for that feeling on the part of Lord Derby which led him to reject the Berlin Memorandum; and I believe that the absolute knowledge of the existence of such a plan would be accepted by the most pronounced of Lord Derby's Liberal critics as a full justification for his refusal to take his assigned place in the programme of Prince Bismarck. That he had this absolute knowledge I am not prepared to affirm; but what is quite certain is that he had such "suspicion and fear" of the existence of this project on the part of the three Empires as the Duke admits would have been an excuse for his action.

Let us put ourselves, if possible, for a moment in the position which Lord Derby occupied in May 1876. He knew that the three Emperors were acting ostentatiously in concert with each other. He has himself told us (House of Lords, April 8th, 1878) that the feeling on the part of the German Government was "from the very beginning one of warm and undisguised sympathy with Russia," and he knew that Austria was so closely involved in the Triple Alliance that she could not be depended upon to support the policy or assist in preserving the interests of England. Furthermore, he knew that the joint action of the three Empires was the result of discussions from which the representatives of England had been carefully excluded. He had at that time no positive evidence as to the nature of the scheme secretly formed, but that a plan of definite action had been decided upon was clear to him from all that was happening, not merely at the capitals of the three Emperors, but at Constantinople and in Bosnia. From many of the agents of the Government abroad there came about this period confidential warnings to the effect that war had been secretly determined upon, and from at least one important quarter ministers were advised that the end of the war was to be the partition of Turkey. Furthermore, there were some notorious circumstances in the state of Turkey that bore a peculiar and important signification. Granting all that might be alleged as to the deplorable and scandalous misgovernment of the provinces, it was still true that the active disaffection of the populace was being fomented by the lavish distribution of money, which could only come from the treasury of some State interested in keeping alive the disturbances. The Andrassy Note, again, though it might only be a plaister to lay on the surface of the sore, had never been fairly applied. Doubtless in part this was the fault of the Porte, which was as dilatory and irresolute then as in

subsequent crises; but it was evident that the three Emperors did not care to exercise any patience with regard to it. Yet again it was notorious that the wretched Sultan was in the hands of General Ignatieff, and that some of the very measures which tended to influence Europe against his Government, and which the three Emperors alleged as an excuse for precipitate action, had been recommended by that able and far-seeing diplomatist.

This was the state of things existing in Europe at the time when their Imperial Majesties and their Chancellors met in secret conclave at Berlin. The representative of no other country was admitted to that conference. On the contrary, everything apparently was done in the manner most likely to wound the susceptibilities of free and independent Powers. We know what the end was. Convinced that the three Empires really wanted war, and carefully excluded from all knowledge of the nature of their plans, which he had to be content to gather up bit by bit from the hints and surmises of ambassadors and consuls, Lord Derby found himself suddenly summoned at the point of the telegraph to say "Yes" or "No" to a series of cut-and-dried propositions, which, whatever might be their other objects, would at least have the effect of bringing Turkey more directly under the thumb of the Triple Alliance than she had ever been before. On the 19th of May, in the full conviction forced upon him by all the information he could gather, that war was intended, and that the Berlin Memorandum would do nothing to avert it, he declined to sign that document on behalf of England; and, taking all the circumstances into account, I believe that no other English statesman of our day would have ventured to act differently.

It is easy to be wise after the event, and to say now that the Foreign Secretary made a mistake when he thus broke up the European concert. We have had since then three years crammed with instructive incidents of all kinds,

and the dullest newspaper reader in May, 1879, knows more about the Eastern Question than did the ablest of statesmen in May, 1876. But it is not necessary, in order to vindicate Lord Derby, to argue the question in the light of this *post-facto* knowledge. I believe indeed that even in view of all that has happened during these three years he can afford to await the verdict of history with confidence. But when we put ourselves in his place, when we look back to that 19th of May, 1876, to a point, that is to say, before the Bulgarian atrocities were known, before the name of Chefket Aga had been heard of, before Abdul Assiz had been deposed or scissored, before Mr. Gladstone had spoken, or the great popular movement of the autumn had begun, and when we see him standing between the treaty obligations, the traditional policy, the sympathies and the political interests of England on the one hand, and this secret conspiracy of the three Emperors against Turkey on the other, who is there that can blame him for not committing himself blindfolded to a step which, in his opinion, must have led—even if it was not actually intended to lead—to a war, and to the partition of the Ottoman Empire?

I do not intend to weary my readers by going over the whole Eastern Question again, and I shall therefore pass very lightly over the events of 1876, subsequent to the rejection of the Memorandum. So far as that period is concerned, the charge made against Lord Derby is that he was dilatory and half-hearted in his condemnation of the Bulgarian atrocities, and that he even contemplated an alliance between this country and Turkey against Russia. This latter charge, it will be remembered, was urged against him with great frequency at the St. James's Hall Conference, and in similar gatherings. Yet we now know on the best of all evidence, that he spoke out concerning the atrocities far more emphatically, and at a far earlier date than was at the time supposed, and that so

far from being willing to make war by the side of Turkey against Russia, he was ready to sacrifice office rather than take steps which might have had the effect of involving us in such a struggle. It is only necessary to state succinctly a few dates, in order to show that Lord Derby was by no means slow to take action regarding the Bulgarian crimes, though it is quite true that, amid the prevailing excitement, he never lost his own presence of mind, or allowed himself to be hurried into the precipitate and extreme action which was at that time demanded by a large section of the public. It was on the 23rd of June that the *Daily News* published its first story regarding the vile crimes of Batak and the other Bulgarian towns—a story which at the time nobody was able to believe in its entirety. On the 26th of June questions were asked in Parliament on the subject, and on the 28th Lord Derby wrote to Sir Henry Elliot, inclosing the letter from the *Daily News* and directing him to inquire at once into the matter. On July 8th and 10th other letters appeared in the same paper confirming the terrible story; and on July 13th these also were sent to Sir Henry Elliot by Lord Derby, accompanied by strong words of warning as to the consequences in which these crimes must involve the Porte. On July 14th Lord Derby telegraphed to Constantinople, ordering Vice-Consul Dupuis to make an independent investigation on the spot into the circumstances of the massacres, this being the origin of the memorable "Baring inquiry." On the 9th of August Mr. Baring's first report was received, and Lord Derby at once stated that the acts it revealed would cause public indignation in Europe to become uncontrollable, and would inevitably lead to hostile interference with Turkey. This it must be borne in mind was weeks before the popular agitation began, or public feeling had reached the fever-height which it attained in September. On the 29th of this same month of August, a week

before the publication of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, Lord Derby telegraphed to Sir Henry Elliot, telling him that the impression produced by events in Bulgaria had completely destroyed sympathy with Turkey, and that the feeling was so universal and strong, that even if Russia were to declare war against the Porte, it would be impossible for England to interfere. Finally, on the receipt of Mr. Baring's full report, Lord Derby, on September 21st, wrote that memorable despatch, in which the authors of the atrocities were denounced by name, and the most vigorous language probably ever used by one Power towards another was employed to express the opinion of the English Government on the subject of these atrocious crimes. All these are but specimens of the language used by Lord Derby at this time; for he wrote other despatches which I have not named, and made speeches to deputations still stronger than his despatches. Yet a cry was got up against him that he was indifferent on the subject of these horrors, and that he refused to allow them to influence him in his maintenance of the "traditional policy" of England. How far this charge was from being well founded is proved by his own declaration in a speech of September 27th, that the position of the Government towards Turkey had been changed by the outrages "which all Europe had seen with so much disgust."

But other and still stronger proof of his lack of sympathy with Turkey, now that, like the rest of the world, he had been enlightened as to the character of the weapons she was employing against her Christian subjects, may be adduced. It must be remembered that at this time Russia was waging an "unofficial war" against Turkey by means of Servia. In this war the little Principality, in spite of the aid so lavishly furnished by the Russians, was worsted, and the Turks had the opportunity of repeating in Belgrade the brutalities of Batak. It was Lord Derby who intervened on the 24th of

August to save the Principality; and so far did he carry this intervention that, after warning Turkey that it would be impossible to save her from the ruin her own Government had brought upon her if she refused to listen to his advice, he emphasised his warning by instructing Sir Henry Elliot on the 5th of October, to leave Constantinople should the Porte continue its refusal to grant an armistice to the beaten Servians. Yet two months later, at the St. James's Hall Conference, it was generally assumed that he was anxious to form an Anglo-Turkish alliance against Russia and the Principalities!

I do not propose to enter into the question of the Constantinople Conference, chiefly because most persons, including even so vigorous a critic as the Duke of Argyll, seem to be agreed that in the steps taken before that Conference Lord Derby acted with entire wisdom and discretion. The instructions given to Lord Salisbury were irreproachable, and the views held regarding the necessary reforms in the government of Turkey were such as to meet with the approval of Mr. Gladstone. The only charge brought against Lord Derby in connection with these transactions is his alleged failure to bring pressure to bear upon the Porte in order to compel the acceptance of the scheme of the Conference. But is this charge true? Was no pressure brought to bear upon Turkey by England at this time? Why the Duke of Argyll himself quotes passage after passage from the Foreign Secretary's despatches, in which the Porte is emphatically warned that if she turns a deaf ear to the advice of Europe she will inevitably be attacked by Russia, and that in such a case she need look for no help from England. So far from its being true, therefore, that no pressure was put upon Turkey at this time by Lord Derby, it is clear that all possible pressure, short of an actual threat of war by England, was brought to bear upon her. But ought we to

have gone further and threatened war? Some Liberals were very strongly of opinion in December, 1876, that this threat ought to have been used, and that, not content with holding up Russia as a kind of bogey to terrify Turkey into submission, Lord Derby ought boldly to have stated that England would draw the sword against her ancient ally if she refused to submit to the decrees of the Conference. But in justice to the Foreign Secretary let it be remembered that, with one doubtful exception, no statesman of reputation had gone so far at this time as to advocate war against Turkey. Mr. Gladstone had used some words which might be construed into an indirect recommendation of war; but even the Duke of Argyll himself had not followed suit, whilst the great majority of the Liberal statesmen and ex-ministers had carefully abstained from hinting at the possibility of such a step being taken. The Duke, in his recent work on the Eastern Question, candidly admits that "it cannot be said that the support of the Opposition was given with any clearness, or with any sense of obligation, in favour of the policy of compelling Turkey to perform her promises to Europe." The truth was that a very large section of the Liberal party, including those who had been most strongly moved by the Bulgarian crimes, were strenuously opposed to war either for Turkey or against her. They wanted England simply to wash her hands of the Eastern Question, and to leave Russia absolutely free to work her will upon the Porte. If, therefore, Lord Derby had gone so far as to threaten war or warlike measures, he would have been far in advance, not merely of his own party, but of the Opposition. In the course he actually took it may fairly be said that he had the support of the majority of Liberals.

But it must not be forgotten that the Foreign Secretary was in possession at this time of information which was not in the hands of the public. Bit by bit abundant confirmation had been

obtained of those suspicions and fears with regard to the intentions of the three Empires which had induced him to reject the Berlin Memorandum. The whole scheme was now known in more than one Western capital. A war against Turkey had been decided upon; and no surrender of independence on the part of the Sultan was now likely to prevent that war, unless it were accompanied by a surrender of territory to Russia and Austria. The unofficial knowledge which our statesmen had obtained concerning the designs of the Allies had been confirmed on the 26th of September by Prince Gortschakoff's proposal that an Austrian army should occupy Bosnia, a Russian army Bulgaria, and that the combined fleets of Europe should occupy the Bosphorus. Even when it was suggested that possibly the naval demonstration alone might suffice, Lord Derby did not feel able, knowing what he did, to acquiesce in the proposal. He was by this time firmly convinced that war must come, and that war would be followed by a partition of Turkish territory closely following the lines marked out in Prince Gortschakoff's scheme of occupation. Moreover, he could not fail to notice how the representative of one of the Great Powers at the Conference seemed to make it his business to raise difficulties in the way of an agreement between the Porte and the Powers, now by putting forward the proposals for reform in the most offensive shape, and now by instilling into the minds of the Turks suspicions as to the sincerity of the other members of the Conference. It was, therefore, under this profound conviction that war was inevitable, and that no concession made by Turkey with regard to her mode of administration would suffice to avert it, that the Foreign Secretary stood aside, and having warned the Porte of the fate she had incurred, left her to meet that fate.

One mode indeed of preventing war there still was, now that the Conference was at an end and the *mandat*

seemed to have passed into the hands of Russia. England by reverting to her supposed "traditional policy," and proclaiming herself the ally of the Turks, might have prevented the outbreak of hostilities. There is we know an active school of politicians in this country which still clings to the belief that this was the course which ought to have been pursued in the beginning of 1877. The great majority of English men are, however, probably now thankful that this party was not triumphant in the Cabinet. Its triumph would have committed us to the hopeless task of keeping alive the rule of the Turk, not merely on the banks of the Bosphorus, but on the banks of the Danube and the Save. Yet there were not wanting those who in the Cabinet itself advocated this "spirited" policy. At their head was Lord Beaconsfield. Speaking at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School on the 27th of July last, the Prime Minister used language, the meaning of which is not to be mistaken:—

"One of the results," he said, "of my attending at the Congress of Berlin has been to prove what I always suspected to be an absolute fact, that neither the Crimean War nor this horrible devastating war which has just terminated, would have taken place if England had spoken with the necessary firmness. Russia has complaints to make against this country, that neither in the case of the Crimean War nor on this occasion—and I don't shrink from my share of responsibility in this matter—was the voice of England so clear and decided as to exercise a due share in the guidance of European opinion."

If words have any meaning at all, this passage must be construed as signifying that Lord Beaconsfield regretted that England had *not* made herself the ally of Turkey before the outbreak of that "horrible and devastating war" which terminated in the Peace of Berlin. And I believe that it was to the attitude then assumed within the cabinet by Lord Derby—

though on this point I necessarily speak without authority—that we owe the fact that England did not find herself in the spring of 1877 committed without preparation, and without other allies, to an offensive and defensive alliance with the Turk.

War having become in the Foreign Secretary's opinion inevitable, he directed his whole attention to one task, that of keeping England out of it. The task, as the sentence I have just quoted from Lord Beaconsfield proves, was a far more difficult one than most persons imagined at the time. Many grave English interests were involved in that Eastern Question which was now to be rudely cut asunder by the sword; the old feelings of dislike for Russia long cherished by so large a portion of the English people, and only temporarily allayed under the still stronger outburst of indignation due to the revelation of the Bulgarian atrocities, began to revive; and the natural chauvinism of the Englishman, who has never looked with patience upon another power which was reaping laurels on the battle-field, added to the embarrassment and the danger. Yet Lord Derby was fortunately able to steer a straight course at this momentous crisis. War was declared on April 24th, and on the 6th of May he penned the well-known despatch which was afterwards called "the charter of our neutrality." In that despatch he laid down with great clearness and simplicity the conditions on which England would remain neutral between Russia and Turkey during the struggle; and these conditions were without hesitation accepted by the Russian Government. It has been said by some of his critics that this despatch was a mean and selfish document, because it contained no reference to the wrongs of the Turkish Christians, and expressed no hope for their liberation from Mussulman misrule. The Duke of Argyll contrasts it unfavourably on this account with the answering despatch of Prince Gort-

schakoff. It is enough to say that in the circumstances, considering that Lord Derby was penning what might be called a business document, and a document of the most serious character, any words not strictly necessary to the statement of his case would have been objectionable as well as superfluous. As for the despatch of Prince Gortschakoff, which receives the Duke's approbation, it is quite true that, in alleging the objects of the war, it says a great deal about the wrongs of the Christians; but it is equally true that it has not a word to say about Batoum and Bessarabia, of which the Czar had already resolved to possess himself.

Throughout the war this despatch of the 6th of May continued to be the "English Charter." It was written for the double purpose of safe-guarding the interests of this country and preventing our being involved in the conflict; and both these purposes it successfully served. Under Lord Derby's careful guidance we maintained a course of strict neutrality down to the close of 1877; none of his critics, on either side, having anything to allege against his conduct at this time. Unfortunately, however, the various incidents of the war tended to inflame greatly those popular passions and prejudices of which I have just spoken. A large mass of the people of England began, during and after the siege of Plevna, to take sides with the Turks just as vehemently as twelve months before they had taken sides with the Bulgarians. These people were especially numerous and influential in London, and among the avowed supporters of the Ministry. Journals which had been the staunch adherents of the Government when they were standing against the anti-Turkish agitation, now began in turn to assail them, and Lord Derby in particular was singled out as the object of the most bitter and venomous attacks. I need not speak more particularly of the cruel and outrageous slanders of which he was the victim.

Yet all this time he was steadily pursuing a most consistent course. Having defined the special interests of England, he was watching over them carefully, and so long as those interests were respected, he was opposed to any action that might tend to endanger still further our relations with Russia. But divisions now began to show themselves openly in the Cabinet, as the popular pressure out of doors increased. Turkey was crushed, and in its fall many persons seemed to see the ruin of that mysterious entity, the prestige of England. The cry for intervention arose, and, strongly against the remonstrances of Lord Derby, the Cabinet resolved to summon Parliament in the middle of January, and to propose a special vote for war services to the House of Commons. So much did the Foreign Secretary dislike the idea of this vote, at a time when as yet none of the interests of England had been molested by Russia, that he resigned his office, and for forty-eight hours, unknown to the outer world, he was not a member of the Cabinet. He was brought back by an assurance that the money would not be spent, and that the vote was to be regarded as one of confidence in the Government.

Parliament met under circumstances of great excitement; yet Lord Derby had in the meantime done his best to allay that excitement by securing fresh undertakings from Russia for the safe-guarding of the Straits, including a promise not to send troops to Gallipoli. On January 23rd, in consequence of a despatch from Mr. Layard saying that the Russians had advanced to Dimetia, and that it was feared that Gallipoli might be cut off from direct communication with the capital, the Cabinet resolved to send the English fleet at once to Constantinople. Orders were given, the fleet sailed, and had got half-way up the Dardanelles, when it was ordered back again to Besika. The meaning of this marching and counter-marching lies in a nutshell. On the 23rd of January, when

it was resolved to send the fleet to the Bosphorus, Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon resigned; on the 24th, when the counter-order was given, Lord Derby withdrew his resignation and consented to remain at his post. He saw no reason for any of the measures of menace to which the Cabinet, in response to the chauvinist clamour out-of-doors, and especially among its own political supporters, was anxious to resort; and by his personal influence he succeeded in preventing a step which, if it had been fully carried out, would in all probability have plunged us into war. But the evil temper which now prevailed in England was not confined to this country; and Russia seemed anxious to do her best to add fuel to the flames of international jealousy and hatred. By the delay in according the armistice, and by the surreptitious and unnecessary advance of her armies upon Constantinople, at a time when the Sultan was suing for peace, she did her best to increase the popular excitement in England. There was another reason for suspicion on the part of the country, though this was a reason which the Government could not plead on their own behalf; I mean the mystery preserved as to the terms of peace. Now in the confidential communications of May 30th, June 8th, and July 30th, 1877, the English Government had received from the Czar a very frank disclosure of the conditions he intended to impose upon Turkey in the event of his success. There was no need, therefore, for ministers to "lose their heads" either during the time when secret negotiations were being carried on between General Ignatieff and the Sultan's Government, or later still when the character of the San Stefano Treaty was made known. The country, which knew nothing of the Czar's confidential communications, might be suspicious and indignant; but ministers might at least have been expected to preserve their presence of mind. Yet we know that in spite of this knowledge the Govern-

ment, answering to pressure from without, continued to follow a policy which was distinctly one of menace. Lord Derby, strenuously opposed as he was to a war for which no reason had been assigned, had to look on whilst the six millions, obtained as "a vote of confidence," were being converted with all possible speed into ironclads and arms. By urgent representations to Russia he had induced her not to occupy Constantinople even temporarily. As resolute as any of his colleagues in insisting that the whole of the terms of peace should be submitted to the discussion of the Great Powers, he did not despair of attaining that end by friendly negotiations, whilst he was convinced that to abandon such negotiations and resort to open preparations for war would be to make peace impossible. For several weeks he held his own with incredible difficulty before the country. Something like a mutiny had broken out, however, in the Tory ranks, and the man who from May 6th, 1877, had never swerved a hair's breadth from his policy of neutrality, based on the preservation of the interests of England, found himself assailed as weak, vacillating, purposeless, and cowardly. One of the characteristic "moves" in the Russian game of diplomacy brought matters to a crisis. On March 26th the Russian Government, in answer to the plain demand of Lord Derby that the whole Treaty of San Stefano should be submitted to a congress of the Great Powers, sent an intentionally ambiguous reply. It was not a final answer; Lord Derby still saw his way to getting from Prince Gortschakoff the admission he required; but his colleagues had made up their minds. The answer of the Russian Chancellor gave them at length the opportunity of complying with the demands of their supporters in the clubs and the streets, and on the day on which this reply was received from Russia they formed certain resolutions which had at least the merit of being bold enough to satisfy the most war-

like and war-loving of their adherents. These were to call out the Reserves, to bring a large contingent of Indian troops to Europe, to seize and occupy the island of Cyprus, and to take temporary possession of a point upon the coast of Syria. Lord Derby pointed out to his colleagues, as he has since told us, that the adoption of such measures as these, above all the seizure of Cyprus, and of a station on the mainland, was certain to be followed by the Russian occupation of Constantinople, whilst the signal for partition having been given by this bold appropriation of Turkish territory, the work would be carried forward in no half-hearted fashion by Austria and Russia, who would be delighted to see England set such an example. His remonstrances were in vain; and on that same day he finally quitted the Cabinet, and left Lord Salisbury to take up the thread of our foreign policy.

But it is a mistake to suppose that Lord Derby's influence over the Eastern Question ceased when he resigned office. My readers cannot have forgotten the thrill of exultation with which Lord Salisbury's despatch, tearing to shreds the Treaty of San Stefano, was received by those who had succeeded in driving his predecessor from the Ministry. Lord Derby on leaving the Cabinet had somewhat plaintively remarked that it required much more courage to express unpopular views among friends than to sit in Downing Street and issue orders which might bring him no danger of unpopularity, but upon which might devolve the responsibility of a European war. Lord Salisbury took the less courageous course. He made himself popular with his friends; but he *did* run the risk, the terrible and imminent risk, of a European war. Yet mark the sequel. Lord Derby quitted the Cabinet because his colleagues considered that negotiations were now at an end, and that nothing remained except either to engage in actual war or to frighten Russia into

submission by ostentatious and extravagant preparations for a conflict. Speaking a few days after his resignation, he expressed his own belief that diplomatic means of settling the difficulty were not exhausted, and he then used the following remarkable words: "If I had to deal with the matter I should endeavour to keep the Congress alive, saying and doing nothing to prevent its ultimate meeting, but letting it stand over until the way was smoothed by private and separate negotiations between the Powers concerned."

Need I tell my readers that this advice was followed by the colleagues who had ostentatiously separated themselves from him in order to pursue a policy pleasing to the chauvinists of their party? Hardly had he quitted office before some of the warlike resolutions from which he had dissented were revoked. It was resolved to get Cyprus, not by the high-handed act of a sudden occupation, but by treaty with the Porte, and the Indian troops were sent to Malta instead of to Syria. Still more striking, however, was the justification of his views furnished by Lord Salisbury, when, after publishing broad-cast the "spirited" despatch of April 1st, in which, as I have said, the San Stefano Treaty was torn to shreds, the Foreign Secretary quietly adopted Lord Derby's suggestion, and paved the way for the Congress by "private and separate negotiations" with Russia. It was by the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Agreement, and not by those measures of menace which led to Lord Derby's retirement from the Ministry, that it at last came to pass that the representatives of Europe met in Congress in the Radziwill Palace to discuss, and as far as might be to settle, the Eastern Question.

Here I must pause. My object has not been to attack the Ministry or their opponents, but to put the course of Lord Derby with regard to the Turkish difficulty in a clear light before the public. It might be thought that events had furnished so abundant

a justification of his policy as to make any apology for it unnecessary. But the public is at once a hard and a fickle taskmaster. It condemned Lord Derby both in 1876 and 1878 on an imperfect understanding of the facts of the case; and now that those facts are more clearly revealed it is weary of the whole subject, and has neither leisure nor inclination to do justice to the man it has wronged. This is my excuse for placing this plain statement of facts before my readers. My object has been to set forth the following propositions:—

1. That Lord Derby's first object, that of preventing the breaking out of war, was unattainable in consequence of the secret agreement of the three Emperors, which dated from a period antecedent to the first appearance of the insurrectionary movement in the Herzegovina.

2. That his next object, the limiting of the war and the safe-guarding of British interests, was accomplished by the Russian acceptance of the conditions of neutrality laid down in May, 1877.

3. That at the close of the war we had a right to insist on having a voice in the final settlement which affected all Europe; but that there was no reason for the attitude of defiance assumed in the early part of 1878, and which was assumed by our Government

chiefly, if not exclusively, to give satisfaction to the large and noisy party who were crying out that we ought to have interfered earlier to save Turkey.

It was this attitude of defiance which Lord Derby refused to support. Standing by the policy of 1877—a policy which had received the approval of both political parties—he declined to be led into the policy of 1878, and rather than become a party to it severed his connection with the Government and his old political associates. He has the satisfaction of knowing that, though he may not have pleased any large body of his fellow-countrymen, he has yet kept this country out of a terrible war. His justification for the policy of 1876, which I have ventured to indicate in these pages, will be accepted as ample and complete by posterity, when the veil is wholly withdrawn from intrigues and compacts at which a contemporary writer can merely hint. His justification for his conduct in 1878 is already before the world. It is to be found in the fact that the colleagues by whom he had been discarded were unable to achieve their purpose, or to solve the tremendous problem with which they had to deal, until they reverted to the sober and pacific policy of which he had been the consistent advocate.

T. WEMYSS REID.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1879.

WORDSWORTH.

I REMEMBER hearing Lord Macaulay say, after Wordsworth's death, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone, to do honour to Wordsworth, than was now raised all through the country. Lord Macaulay had, as we know, his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and we must always make allowance for it. But probably it is true that Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and popular, so established in possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840, and at Cambridge. From the very first, no doubt, he had his believers and witnesses. But I have myself heard him say, that, for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings. The poetry-reading public was very slow to recognise him, and was very easily drawn away from him. Scott effaced him with this public, Byron effaced him.

The death of Byron seemed, however, to make an opening for Wordsworth. Scott, who had for some time ceased to produce poetry himself, and stood before the public as a great novelist; Scott, too genuine himself not to feel the profound genuineness of Wordsworth, and with an instinctive recognition of his firm hold on nature and of his local truth, always admired him sincerely, and praised him generously.

No. 237.—VOL. XL.

The influence of Coleridge upon young men of ability was then powerful, and was still gathering strength; this influence told entirely in favour of Wordsworth's poetry. Cambridge was a place where Coleridge's influence had great action, and where Wordsworth's poetry, therefore, flourished especially. But even amongst the general public its sale grew large, the eminence of its author was widely recognised, and Rydal Mount became an object of pilgrimage. I remember Wordsworth relating how one of the pilgrims, a clergyman, asked him if he had ever written anything besides the *Guide to the Lakes*. Yes, he answered modestly, he had written verses. Not every pilgrim was a reader, but the vogue was established, and the stream of pilgrims came.

Mr. Tennyson's decisive appearance dates from 1842. One cannot say that he effaced Wordsworth as Scott and Byron had effaced him. The poetry of Wordsworth had been so long before the public, the suffrage of good judges was so steady and so strong in its favour, that by 1842 the verdict of posterity, one may almost say, had been already pronounced, and Wordsworth's English fame was secure. But the vogue, the ear and applause of the great body of poetry-readers, never quite thoroughly perhaps his, he gradually lost more and more, and Mr. Tennyson gained them. Mr. Tennyson drew to himself, and away from Wordsworth, the poetry-reading public and the new

a justification of his policy as to make any apology for it unnecessary. But the public is at once a hard and a fickle taskmaster. It condemned Lord Derby both in 1876 and 1878 on an imperfect understanding of the facts of the case; and now that those facts are more clearly revealed it is weary of the whole subject, and has neither leisure nor inclination to do justice to the man it has wronged. This is my excuse for placing this plain statement of facts before my readers. My object has been to set forth the following propositions:—

1. That Lord Derby's first object, that of preventing the breaking out of war, was unattainable in consequence of the secret agreement of the three Emperors, which dated from a period antecedent to the first appearance of the insurrectionary movement in the Herzegovina.

2. That his next object, the limiting of the war and the safe-guarding of British interests, was accomplished by the Russian acceptance of the conditions of neutrality laid down in May, 1877.

3. That at the close of the war we had a right to insist on having a voice in the final settlement which affected all Europe; but that there was no reason for the attitude of defiance assumed in the early part of 1878, and which was assumed by our Government

chiefly, if not exclusively, to give satisfaction to the large and noisy party who were crying out that we ought to have interfered earlier to save Turkey.

It was this attitude of defiance which Lord Derby refused to support. Standing by the policy of 1877—a policy which had received the approval of both political parties—he declined to be led into the policy of 1878, and rather than become a party to it severed his connection with the Government and his old political associates. He has the satisfaction of knowing that, though he may not have pleased any large body of his fellow-countrymen, he has yet kept this country out of a terrible war. His justification for the policy of 1876, which I have ventured to indicate in these pages, will be accepted as ample and complete by posterity, when the veil is wholly withdrawn from intrigues and compacts at which a contemporary writer can merely hint. His justification for his conduct in 1878 is already before the world. It is to be found in the fact that the colleagues by whom he had been discarded were unable to achieve their purpose, or to solve the tremendous problem with which they had to deal, until they reverted to the sober and pacific policy of which he had been the consistent advocate.

T. WEMYSS REID.

I R
say,
subs
foun
earl
rais
to V
thro
had
and
we
But
wor
bee
lish
who
was
and
no
wit
him
ma
bro
str
wa
wa
Sec
By
to
Sec
to
be
Sc
pr
an
hi
lo
ce